

The Daily Mirror.

No. 29.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1903.

One Penny.

The 'Pirle' Finish.

"Indispensable for the Open-air Girl."

"Lady's Realm"

says:

"The out-door girl who loves to cycle, walk, and drive, will never wear anything but a 'PIRLE' costume when she has once donned one. It may be the shower of May or the storm of November, her neat cloth dress will remain unspotted and unshrunk, and, when dry, will be as fresh as when it came from the tailor's hands."



Regd. Trade Mark.

"Madge"

in

"Truth"

says:

"Every dressmaker ought to leave out a bit of selvedge somewhere with the 'PIRLE' stamp on it, as this affords an absolute guarantee for the wearer. The proprietors undertake to make good any material so stamped that has been actually damaged by rain."

See what the "Queen" calls the magic words

THE "PIRLE" FINISH

Stamped on the Selvedge.

TO BE OBTAINED FROM THE LEADING DRAPERS,
OR FULL PARTICULARS FROM

E. RIPLEY & SON, LTD., 100c, Queen Victoria Street, London.

INDIAN TEAK PARQUET FLOORINGS.

MOST DURABLE FLOOR COVERING

from 3d. a foot.

Solid OAK Panellings.

HOWARD and SONS, Ltd.,

Manufacturers,

25, 26, and 27, BERNERS STREET, LONDON, W.

The charm of a beautiful face is increased by a good complexion. . . . Always use Mackenzie's Complexion Soap. . . .



A box containing three 1/- tablets, delicately perfumed, sent post free for postal order 2/6. Write to-day.

An Invitation

to use a most dainty toilet soap, specially made for ladies who value a good complexion and all who care for the refinements of the toilet.
Will you try to-day

DR. MACKENZIE'S COMPLEXION SOAP?

It will make the skin soft, white, and flawless,
and the complexion beautifully radiant.

S. HARVEY & CO., 2 and 4, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

A Climate of Samples

is the term that has been applied to the weather conditions in our island. The Winter samples are the most trying of all as they invariably lead to COLDS, CHILLS and similar evils.

The moment you feel that you have caught a Chill take

TURNER'S TAMARIND COUGH EMULSION.

A remedy that never fails to stop a Cold and give instant relief to Coughs, Sore Throats, Asthma, Bronchitis, and all kinds of Lung and Chest Complaints.

Public speakers and singers testify to its wonderful efficacy in Strengthening the Voice and curing Relaxed Throat and Hoarseness.

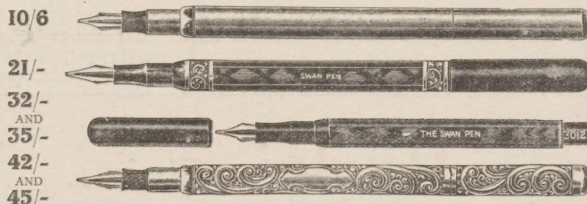
Pleasant to take and perfectly safe for everybody.

Sold by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors, 1/1½ per bottle, or write to

The Harvey-Turner Company, Ltd.,
The Laboratory, Newcomen Street, Borough, S.E.,
who will see that you are supplied.

ON REFLECTION it is apparent that a "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN

Is the most appropriate and thoroughly useful CHRISTMAS PRESENT one could give a friend.



10/6 to £20, post free. Sold by all Stationers and Jewellers.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue of Presentation Pens.

MABIE, TODD & BARD, 93, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.;
95a, REGENT ST., W., London;
3, Exchange Street, Manchester, and Brentano's, Paris.

Coleman's Wincarnis.

A DELICIOUS BEVERAGE AND
Tonic RECOMMENDED BY
OVER 6,000 MEDICAL MEN.

Sample sent on receipt of 3d. in stamps.

COLEMAN & Co., Ltd., Wincarnis Works, Norwich.



Dad is as happy
as his boots are
bright!

Ah, you don't know what a lovely effect this little Polish imparts to your boots. Shrewd people have found out that it is the Polish for a handsome boot, and the only one that will give such a Polish as is necessary for the full effect of a gentleman to be noticed. It is beautiful.

OUTFITS, did you say?—Why, yes; this is just the one for you. It is so neat, handy, and effective. If you will use one you will obtain the best possible Polish on your boots. They are only 1s.

BUTTERCUP METAL POLISH

is a purely English manufactured Polish for all brass metals. Does neither stain nor scratch, but creates a beautiful, attractive, and glistening

brightness to everything that is cleaned with it. Just try it, will you; it is cheap—only 2d. and 4d., in tins.

Of all Stores, Grocers, Oilmen, and Bootmakers.

MAKERS:
CHISWICK SOAP CO., LONDON, W.

A Wonderful Xmas Number.

THE "CONNOISSEUR"

Xmas Number,

Besides SIX CHARMING PLATES,
contains the following articles:

TAPESTRY: ITS ORIGIN AND USES—PART IV., THE GOYA TAPESTRIES. By D. A. HART. (With three illustrations.)

AN OLD STONEWARE JUG, KNOWN AS THE BELLARMINE, THE LONG BEARD OR THE GREY BEARD. By D. C. CALTHROP. (With seven illustrations.)

THE ART OF THE LOCKSMITH. PART II. By W. E. WYNN PENNY. (With five illustrations.)

THOMAS CHIPPENDALE (The Director). PART VI. By R. S. CLOUTON. (With four illustrations.)

THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON. PART II. By JOSEPH GREGG. (With five illustrations.)

THE HATFIELD HOUSE COLLECTION. By T. W. BOLT. (With eight illustrations.)

TWO UNPUBLISHED PICTURES BY FRA FILIPPO AND FILIPPINO LIPPI. By ARDUSIO COLASANTI. (With three illustrations.)

TOM THUMB. By CAREW HAZLITT. (With ten illustrations.)

THE WEDGWOOD COLLECTION AT NOTTINGHAM CASTLE. PART I. By H. ELLEN BROWNING. (With eight illustrations.)

LACE-MAKING IN SPAIN AND PORTUGAL. PART I. By M. JOURDAIN. (With four illustrations.)

NOTES. (With six illustrations.)

IN THE SALE ROOM.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PLATES.

THE VIRGIN AND CHILD. By GIROLAMO DEI LIBERI. From an Arundel Print.

CRIS OF PARIS: LA BOUQUETIERE AND GARCON CAFETIER. By HUGEL DE ROGER.

ALMEIDA. By WILLIAM WARD.

CUPID'S HUNTING FIELDS. By BURNIE JONES.

ELIZA KATHERINE CRAWLEY. By SIR WILLIAM CHARLES ROSS.

THE FAIR. By BARTOLOZZI, after WHEATLEY.

when your servants

know how easy it is to clean silver, electro-plate and nickel with **Plato Silver Polish**, which gives a bright polish after just a little rubbing, they will save time and extra work by using it every cleaning day.

when you know

that **Plato** means silver on the worn parts, as well as polish, you will always have some in the house.

Follow directions carefully, then good results are certain. Grocers and Oilmen keep it. Get a trial bottle to-day for 1/-, post free.

The PLATO COMPANY,
7, Waithman St., London, E.C.

Our special forecast for to-day is: Gales and squally winds; very rough and unsettled; rain and hail; becoming colder again.

Lighting-up time for all vehicles, 4.31.

SEA PASSAGES.

English Channel, North Sea, and Irish Channel, all exceedingly rough.

338th Day of Year.

Friday, Dec. 4, 1903.

27 days to Dec. 31.

The Daily Mirror.

To-Day's News at a Glance.

Home.

The King has approved a new pattern of cloth for the great coats of officers of the Guards.

Sir Henry Blake, the newly-appointed Governor of Ceylon, arrived at Colombo yesterday and met with an enthusiastic reception.

The British Admiralty has bought the two warships which were being built for the Chilean Government.

As a hansom, in which Lord Archibald Campbell was driving, swung round the corner at Charing Cross, the driver was unable to avoid running over an old man named William Bennington. The injuries Bennington received have proved fatal.

The remains of the late Sir Frederick Bramwell will be conveyed by train to-day from Victoria to Hever for interment.

Lord Stair died yesterday morning.

The Local Government Board has decided to allow the Greenwich Guardians to open the large workhouse which they built five years ago, and to consider any proposals for the repayment of the money borrowed to build it.

The Leeds Corporation Parliamentary Committee decided yesterday to open a Labour Bureau for the unemployed on one.

The death is announced of Mr. Snelgrove, of the firm of Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove.

Manchester Watch Committee yesterday passed a resolution calling upon Mr. G. W. Parker, the Chief of the Fire Brigade, to resign.

Mr. Frederick A. Ingle, a Roman Catholic graduate of St. John's College, Oxford, has been awarded the Senior Kennicott Hebrew Scholarship at Oxford University.

The Birmingham Peace Society has passed a resolution condemning the British expedition against the "peaceful neighbourhood" of Thibet.

Major P. Malcolm, of Blackheath, was appointed Chief Constable of Hull yesterday at a salary of £700.

The sporting estate of West Temparr, near Kinloch Rannoch, N.B., has been sold to Mr. Henry H. Cochrane.

While rushing along Maids-vale to a fire yesterday, an escape collided with a van, one of the firemen being thrown off and seriously injured.

The Admiralty announce that the Devonport Naval Establishment has been rechristened. It will in future be described as "Devonport Dockyard South and West."

Mrs. Thomas Spurgeon, who has been seriously ill since September, is now out of danger.

On the arrival at Plymouth yesterday of the Aberdeen liner, Sophocles, from the Cape, the captain reported that when in the Bay of Biscay she was struck by lightning, with the result that the main pole and the truck of the mast was scorched and blackened.

The vicar of New Malden, the Rev. W. A. Chiallcombe, has instituted a million penny fund to defray the cost of building a new mission church.

Mr. Thomas Mason, a well-known Post-Office official, has decided to retire at the end of the year.

Partly owing to a loss of about £1,500 last year the Watford Urban District Council desire to sell their electric lighting to the North Metropolitan Electric Supply Co.

The Star Theatre, Newbury, which was built only a few months ago, was totally destroyed by fire last night.

Social.

The King has accepted from the Berlin Photographic Company, of 133, New Bond-street, some proofs of a portrait of "Jack," his Irish terrier, the portrait of which was painted last summer by Miss Maud Earl.

Lord Raglan, Lieut.-Governor of the Isle of Man, will be entertained to dinner to-morrow at the Inns of Court Hotel by the members of the London Maim Society.

The Duke of Cambridge and party visited the London Hippodrome last night, and witnessed the performance of "Consul," the "primitive man," which created such a furore in Paris recently.

Colonial.

Johannesburg Town Council has decided to give Lord Milner a public reception on his return.

Sir Henry Blake, the newly-appointed Governor of Ceylon, and Lady Blake arrived at Colombo yesterday.

At the forthcoming Australian Commonwealth general election, Mr. Deakin, the Federal Premier; Sir John Forrest, Minister for Home Affairs; Sir George Turner, Federal Treasurer; and Mr. Chapman, Minister for Defence, will not be opposed.

The Rev. G. H. Cameron, of Birmingham, has been appointed Archdeacon of Eshowe, Natal.

Mr. E. F. Bourke was elected first Mayor of Pretoria yesterday in the Second Volksraad.

A Johannesburg municipal loan of £1,500,000 (the first instalment of £3,000,000) has been arranged with the London and Westminster Bank, the terms of issue being 96 and the interest 4 per cent.

The tea output in Assam last month was good, and the season is likely to close there shortly.

Political.

Lord Willoughby de Eresby, M.P., Chancellor of the Primrose League, presided at a meeting of the Grand Council, held in Westminster yesterday.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has promised to address a meeting at Maidstone on January 13.

Colonel Le Roy Lewis has been adopted as the Unionist candidate for South Shropshire to contest the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. Jasper More.

In a letter to a correspondent Sir M. E. Grant-Duff states that he left the Cobden Club only because he supposed that the doctrines of free trade had got so thoroughly into the blood and bones of the country that they would never again be questioned.

Dr. Rutherford Harris issued his address to the electors of Dulwich last night. He supports Mr. Balfour on the fiscal question, and believes that Mr. Chamberlain's policy would not increase the cost of living to the people.

At a meeting of the Warwickshire Farmers' Association at Birmingham yesterday it was stated that Mr. Chamberlain had expressed his willingness to visit the agricultural districts.

It has been decided to form a ladies' branch of the Tariff Reform League. Miss Violet Brooke-Hunt, of Albert-gate-court, Knightsbridge, is the organising secretary.

Foreign.

King Alfonso of Spain will leave Madrid for Lisbon on December 31.

While shooting chamois in Upper Styria Prince Hohenlohe had a narrow escape with his life from an avalanche.

The P. and O. liner Osiris arrived at Port Said yesterday, all well on board, from Corfu, where she was obliged to take refuge for seventeen hours owing to the heavy seas. Lady Cromer is among the passengers.

Eighty thousand people assembled to welcome the Nordenskjöld explorers at Buenos Ayres yesterday.

Owing to the recent rains the Lake of Skutari, in Albania, has risen suddenly, inundating Zeta and other villages.

Despatches from Hong Kong state that H.M.S. Waterwitch has been caught in a typhoon and nearly wrecked.

Law and Police Courts.

The claim of Messrs. Ruben and Ladenburg against the Great Fingall Company with respect to a forged share transfer certificate was further discussed at the King's Bench Division yesterday, and the hearing adjourned.

At the Thames Police Court yesterday Oscar Joseph was fined £30 and £5 ss. costs, or six weeks' imprisonment, for keeping a gaming house at 78, Christian-street, St. George's.

During the hearing of a case at the Westminster County Court the defendant, an Italian chef, was placed in the peculiar position of being sworn to interpret the evidence of the plaintiff, another chef.

At Birmingham yesterday a schoolgirl of twelve, named Annie Woodhall, was charged with attempting to commit suicide. She said that she had been beaten at school and threatened with reduction to a lower standard.

Another gambling house for foreigners in Soho, known as the German Bakers' Club, has been raided by the police, and the proprietor was fined yesterday £30 and costs.

Two magistrates left the bench at Daventry, Northamptonshire, yesterday, so as not to hear passive resistance prosecutions, their worship declaring themselves in sympathy with the defendants.

PERILOUS SILENCE.

Japan Pressing Steadily for Russia's Reply.

THE IMPENDING CRISIS.

Mass Meetings of the Two Leading Parties in Tokio.

The news from the Far East of the relations between Japan and Russia does not inspire confidence in an immediate peaceful solution. Indeed, the situation increases in gravity daily. Japan has been seeking for assurances from Russia in regard to Korea and Manchuria, and these assurances are not forthcoming. Russia's attitude is evasive—the reply being deferred from time to time by various excuses, the absence of M. Lessar or Admiral Alexieff, or the tour of the Tsar, or the occupation of his Majesty's mind by the illness of the Tsaritsa.

With every week's delay Russia of course strengthens her naval and military position, and the latest information on this point is that the warships Tsarevitch and Bayan, after their long voyage from Europe, have now reached Port Arthur.

This morning's telegrams from Japan state that the Japanese Minister in St. Petersburg, Mr. Kurino, has twice during the past ten days demanded a reply from Count Lamsdorff, the Russian Foreign Minister, to the final proposals of Japan, and that Count Lamsdorff proposed that he himself should proceed to Alexandrov to obtain the sanction of the Emperor Nicholas to the draft reply drawn up by Admiral Alexieff and Baron von Rosen, the Russian Minister in Tokio.

This, however, Count Lamsdorff represents he has been prevented from doing by the indisposition of the Empress.

The Emperor of Japan (Reuter says) is expected to open the Diet on Tuesday next, when it is hoped there may be definite developments.

Meanwhile there is popular impatience. The Shimpoto (the Progressives) and the Seiyukai (the Constitutionalists), the two leading parties, held mass meetings yesterday in Tokio. Count Okuma, leader of the Shimpoto, severely censured the Cabinet's foreign policy. The Seiyukai leader, Marquis Saionji, speaking in a more moderate tone, also expressed dissatisfaction with the Government. Both speakers were agreed as to the necessity for mutual co-operation.

The feeling in the Japanese capital, Reuter's telegrams show, is to the effect that Count Lamsdorff's recent forecast of a pacific settlement ill accords with the continued provocative action on the part of Russia with respect to both Manchuria and Korea.

From Berlin it is repeated that France and Great Britain are probably engaged in making friendly representations, both at St. Petersburg and Tokio.

FOR THE KING OF SIAM.

An Italian Greyhound Bound for the Royal Kennels at Bangkok.

Yesterday was despatched to the King of Siam, through Messrs. Cooks' Tourist Agency, a very beautiful Italian greyhound, procured from the kennels of Mrs. Nicholson, of Torquay. A brace of these dogs were sent last summer to the royal kennels of Siam, but unhappily the male of the pair jumped overboard, and the King, regretting the loss, has sent to replace him. "Griff," the little dog mentioned, is a frequent prize-winner, and his owner parted most reluctantly with him. The Italian greyhound is a breed that dates from the earliest centuries. It is full of grace and activity, and very aristocratic in taste, character, and behaviour, sensitive and nervous to a degree, yet full of spirit. These dogs become much attached to their owners, seldom caring for anyone else, and they show in many cases very decided sporting proclivities.

In the perfect Italian head is elegant and light, with dark brown eyes full of life, intelligence, and expression; the jaw is strong and carries large good teeth. A rounded skull should at all times be refused, as it shows a strain of Toy terrier. The forelegs

should be quite straight, and the tail never curled.

This canine Court favourite of a century ago has been neglected for some fifty years, but is now rapidly regaining popularity with English dog lovers. Among those who own representative kennels are the Marchioness of Waterford, Mrs. Cottrell Dormer (whose ancestor, Lady Cuthbert, owned a kennel of Italians, and had her portrait painted with her pet gambolling at her feet); and the Baroness Campbell, who is president of the Italian Greyhound Club, has shown great activity in advancing the interest of the Italian greyhound, the favourite breed of Napoleon's Empress and of Frederick the Great.

THE FOREIGN PIANO.

Why German Makes Excel the English.

"English pianos are all very well if you only want to play English music. The one is quite worthy of the other."

Mr. Bechstein's manager spoke thus yesterday in explanation of the fact that the German piano is ousting the English from our drawing-rooms. From his point of view it is not a question of cheapness or "dumping."

"Englishmen are the best engineers in the world, and always will be," he said, with an air of generous admission, "but they have no musical instinct or genius. The soul for music is not theirs."

"It is a national impossibility for an Englishman to produce a piano with each note perfectly balanced in tone. He has no true ear. His piano sounds all right to him; he does not know. The same with composers. Elgar is a voice crying in the wilderness, but others—"

The decline of the English piano, it was explained, is the old story of the business turned into a limited liability company. A syndicate takes over the concern, and the sons of the founder become distinguished soldiers, M.P.'s, anything but practical piano manufacturers. With Bechsteins, on the other hand, the three sons of the house are now practically engaged in the factory at Berlin. They are musicians as well as piano-makers.

The question as to whether the piano is cheaper or not does not affect the sale. People demand the best, and, while wishing the best was English, still buy from the foreigner if his goods excel.

German labour, in the piano trade at least, is equally, if not better, paid than English. Although the Germans suffer like us from unions, and almost every workman is a Socialist, their unions only affect the wage, not the output of the individual.

All timber used for pianos has to be bought over here, it is taken to Germany and pays a heavy duty; after being made up it returns to England, but the Germans complain they get no rebate. Thus does the German Government encourage its manufacturers.

"The self-complacency and conceit of the Britisher enables other nations to pass and leave him in the background," was the opinion of Mr. Carr, himself an Englishman, acting as manager for Ibach. "The English piano-maker was thirty years after the German in adopting the iron frame and over-stringing. He is always twenty years behind foreign makers. The German piano is of better construction, better tone, and altogether better value for the money."

THE COD LIVER OIL CURE.

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

Under the title "Good News for the Nursery" you print a paragraph to which we take exception.

You state: "For the last year or two oil has been growing dear." This is not the case. The Norwegian oil crop failed this year, and in consequence sent up the price. The year before there was a normal yield (1902).

You follow this assertion with the following: "Emulsions and malt extracts are, after all, not so efficacious."

We cannot speak for malt extracts, but as regards emulsions of cod liver oil we know from letters addressed to us from more than two thousand practising physicians that emulsions are vastly superior to cod liver oil. Not only because they obviate the nasty taste of plain cod liver oil, but that they are tolerated when no form of cod liver oil can be retained upon the stomach, and in many cases no kind of nutriment whatever.

Nothing has ever been found or discovered to procure the same medical effects that are given by cod liver oil. These effects are more than doubled by the use of the emulsion.

Personally, we desire to add that, in spite of the rise in price of cod liver oil, Scott's Emulsion has not been increased in price in consequence, nor has the quality of the oil been reduced in the least.—Faithfully yours,

SCOTT AND BOWNE, LTD.

(R. J. DAVIS, Managing Director.)

10 and 11, Stonecutter-street, E.C., Dec. 3.

THE QUEEN'S POSITION.

Colonial Secretary's Irregular Telegram to Her Majesty.

The telegram of birthday congratulation sent by the Colonial Secretary to Queen Alexandra, in which Mr. Lyttelton styled himself and the members of the Australasian Club her Majesty's "loyal subjects," has called forth an interesting letter from the Rev. Sir David Hunter-Blair, the well-known Benedictine Monk.

Writing to the "Times," Sir David says he yields to no one in admiration, devotion, and respect for Queen Alexandra. "But," he adds, "I have been accustomed to look, not on myself as her subject, but on her as a subject like myself—*prima inter pares*, indeed, but still a subject—of our gracious King."

As some doubt appears to exist as to the position occupied, according to the accepted rules of precedence, by the Queen Consort, it may be as well to make the case clear. In this country the Queen is first of the King's subjects, and comes next to her husband in rank.

The Queen holds this position not by virtue of any dignity inherent in her own person, but because she is the Consort of the King, and, as such, one with him in the honours pertaining to his sovereignty. On the death of the King the Consort at once takes lower rank than the wife of his successor, and in the event of divorce she also loses her precedence.

Precedence is arranged according to "established custom and ancient usage," and difficult or doubtful points are settled as they arise. In the case of the late Prince Consort, Queen Victoria met the difficulty by special measures, which fixed his status absolutely, but which applied only to this particular case.

No "Right" of Coronation.

It has usually been taken for granted that the Queen Consort should be crowned simultaneously with the King, but this is purely an act of courtesy, as is shown by the decision of the Privy Council on the last occasion the matter was under discussion. This was when Caroline of Brunswick, the unfortunate Consort of George IV., claimed coronation as her right, and presented a memorial to the Privy Council. That body maintained that there was no precedent for a "right" of coronation attaching to a Queen Consort, except by command of the Sovereign, which, in this case, was withheld.

From the fact of Queen Caroline's rebuff is deduced the conclusion that a Queen Consort has no legal right to the privileges of Sovereignty, and only enjoys such by the gracious act of the King.

In the case of a meeting of foreign monarchs precedence has usually been accorded in point of seniority. King Edward, for instance, takes precedence of his Imperial nephew, the German Emperor, and Queen Alexandra shares her husband's position.

BISHOP AND COUNSEL.

A Curious Interlude in the Divorce Court.

Yesterday morning, in the Divorce Court, Mr. Justice Barnes and a special jury resumed their hearing of a petition instituted by Mrs. Amy Mitchell for the dissolution of her marriage with the Rev. William Henry Mitchell, formerly Rector of Elberton, Gloucestershire, but now a member of the Roman Catholic Church.

Mrs. Mitchell obtained a decree nisi, and this action as to the custody of the children will be considered in Chambers.

The Bishop of Bristol, who had been subpoenaed to give evidence on behalf of the respondent, was overlooked by counsel, and he rose in his seat and said so somewhat emphatically, creating quite a scene in court.

"I've been waiting here at extreme inconvenience to my diocese," said the Bishop, "and I don't propose to wait here any longer." With that he took up his hat and coat and prepared to leave the court.

To which Mr. Hugo Young, K.C., for the respondent, coolly made answer: "I do not intend to call you."

Then the Bishop (warmly): I think I ought to have been told before. I have been put to extreme inconvenience.

Mr. Hugo Young: I did not observe that you were here this morning.

The Bishop (huffily): It is much too late.

The Judge: I am sorry, Bishop, but I am afraid it is not my fault.

The Bishop: Oh, no, my lord.

Mr. Young also expressed his sorrow, remarking that he had not noticed the Bishop was in court.

The Bishop then left.

FIRE AT ETON COLLEGE.

A slight outbreak of fire has just occurred in a boy's room on the first floor of Mr. Dyer's house in Gulliver's-place, Eton College. No damage was done, save for the destruction of a window curtain. The contents of the room naturally suffered from the heat, smoke, and water; but the boys, armed with buckets, soon extinguished the outbreak.

The authorities, however, are hurrying on the escapes and engines that were ordered after the last fire, and they are working hand in hand with the Town Council to establish a new station and electric alarms.

PALMISTRY.

A "Professor" Practises on a Policeman and is Summoned.

In the romantic valley of Kilburn, at No. 159, High-road, a most respectable young man, known to the nobility and gentry of that idyllic suburb by the poetic fore and surnames of Alexis Stuart, set up in business as a wizard and magician; or rather as a palmist, to be exact and of this present century.

To Alexis hied servant girls and other hopeful maids to have their fortunes read from their sweet palms. By threes and sixes they sat in the waiting-room while Alexis unravelled the weighty skeins of destiny within. Yet was Alexis not permitted to unravel in peace.

For yesterday he was haled before Mr. Curtis Bennett, of the Marylebone Police Court, by Edwin Pollard (mark the gross and stunted name), Inspector of the X Division (mark the prose of that precise and unromantic title). Alexis was charged with pretending and professing to tell fortunes by palmistry, so as to deceive and impose upon his Majesty's lieges.

Mr. Curtis Bennett, the magistrate, having declined to have his hand read by the seer Alexis, P.C. Arthur Steggle, 303 X, a youthful officer of a not uninteresting force, gave evidence.

Acting on instructions from his superiors the devoted Steggle had hied him to the wizard's den. Attired in plain clothes of a sober pattern, so as to disguise the nature of his mission, P.C. Steggle had discovered five young ladies waiting in a back room. The "professor" was engaged. It was worse than the barber's or the queue at the Gaiety. P.C. Steggle would call in again.

A Shilling Fortune!

Later in the day he was introduced to the "professor"; for thus was Alexis known to the trusting public that frequented him.

P.C. Steggle was asked to spread his hands on a table that held a large magnifying glass. If he only wanted the outlines read the charge would be a shilling; but, if he wished for lore of mounts and lines, he must pay half-a-crown. P.C. Steggle decided on a shillings-worth.

Alexis thereupon told him that nature had intended him for an architect or engineer; that he had had "a disturbance" at the age of sixteen and gone from home.

Before he left the seer mentioned that his hand was a highly "interesting study," and that four sheets of foolscap could be written on its revelations, price a crown. P.C. Steggle only had a shilling. He was given credit and an impression was taken of the "interesting study" on a "greasy substance."

Three days later Steggle was in possession of the four sheets of foolscap, whose "facts," he avers, in no way cover his own eventful past. Indeed, they are quite different, said P.C. Steggle. Described as "shy," he denies the soft impeachment, even when young women are concerned. As for the "good character" of the delineation, "I only wish I had it," said P.C. Steggle.

The palmist was then defended by witnesses who testified to the veracity of his predictions. It was also mentioned that he had been engaged to practise his profession at Church of England bazaars, and that "a magistrate's daughter" had done no worse than he.

Mr. Curtis Bennett, after hearing all the evidence adjourned the case *sine die*. He must think the matter over.

KING EDWARD AS PEACEMAKER.

The annual banquet of the British Chamber of Commerce in Paris last evening was marked with evidences of the friendly feeling between England and France.

The president, Mr. Bodington, spoke of King Edward's rôle as peacemaker, and the same subject, according to Reuter, was the text of a letter from Sir E. Monson, the British Ambassador. It was the King, said Sir Edmund, in a burst of poetic fervour, who sounded the key note of the harmony which has been continually swelling with a louder and louder volume until within the last few days it has burst into a strain of joint Parliamentary symphony which it is scarcely hyperbole to characterise as the music of the spheres.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S RECORD.

Mr. Ritchie, ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, spoke last night as the guest of the Croydon Working Men's Association, and suffered a great deal of interruption.

He said that when Mr. Chamberlain asked the country to accept such a revolutionary policy they should look at his record, and looking at that had they the slightest guarantee that he spoke the fact? (Cries of "Yes, yes.")

Mr. Ritchie was certain that if the protection policy were adopted food would be more costly, taxation higher, and living dearer. ("No, no.")

If working men persisted in giving Mr. Chamberlain their support their blood would be upon their own heads.

THE LATE MR. JOHN PENN'S WILL.

The solicitors for the executors of the late Mr. Penn, M.P., deny the statements that he died intestate, and that his estate is over a million. Mr. Penn's will is in possession of Messrs. Hill, Son, and Rickards.

REAL LIFE MELODRAMA.

Disguised Husband Visits His Wife with a Revolver.

A piece of pure melodrama in real life is occupying the attention of the metropolitan police.

It concerns a former officer in the Army, who has had differences with his wife. The lady, who now lives apart from her husband in a Westminster flat, recently brought proceedings against him in the police court.

Some little time ago she received a letter purporting to come from a Lincoln's Inn solicitor's firm, asking for an appointment to discuss questions between the lady and her husband. She wrote fixing a date.

On the day of the appointment there called at Mr. Clarkson's, the theatrical wig-maker, a singular customer. It was the lady's husband. He wished to be made up as a typical family solicitor. He shaved off his moustache, put on an iron-grey wig and gold spectacles, and dressed himself in a frock coat, black tie, and old-fashioned collar. Then, armed with a black bag, he sallied forth—the beau ideal of the responsible legal man.

This pretended solicitor drove to the lady's flat, where she had invited her legal adviser, a personal friend, and her maid to assist at the conference. A discussion arose, and the stage solicitor began to talk about some compromising letters. "What are you going to do about them? What are they worth?" he asked excitedly.

The lady then recognised her husband's voice. Finding himself discovered, he immediately drew a large revolver, and fired at his wife's legal adviser, grazing his hand. A terrible struggle ensued, the weapon being ultimately wrested from the husband's hand. He rushed, hatless and bleeding, into the street, and the police have so far been unable to trace him.

He is about thirty-six, and has been in the singular habit of riding a lady's bicycle.

LAST NIGHT'S MUSIC.

A New Sonata.

The third Broadwood concert given last night in St. James's Hall was interesting primarily because Herr Ludwig Thuille's sonata for the pianoforte and violoncello in D minor was performed for the first time in England. Herr Thuille has during the past thirteen years been the conductor of the Munich Male Choir, for which he has repeatedly written fine music. His compositions bear the impress of academic mind, for it was when he was studying for philosophy at a Continental university that he decided to embrace music as a profession, and went to Munich as a student. The sonata given last night was published last year. It is not an amazing work by any means; indeed, the Allegro and Adagio movements are weighty without being thoughtful; but the Allegro contains a sequence of ideas that are happily expressed. Mr. Herbert Withers and Miss Mathilde Verne were not the best interpreters possible; in sympathy with Miss Verne, whereas she in the duet for two pianofortes, Schumann's Andante and Variation, which she played with her sister, Miss Adela Verne, was most successful, and he in the Sonata by Valentin, as a soloist, was strong and convincing. But both the Misses Verne should guard against the common fault of duet players, who endeavour to dominate each other.

The singer of the evening was Miss Louise Dale, whose flexible soprano voice, the high notes of which are exquisitely true, clear, and bird-like, was enthusiastically applauded. The next Broadwood concert, on the 17th of this month, will be remarkable owing to the presence of the Oratory Choir, who will sing motets by Palestrina, and other early composers. Mr. Donald Francis Tovey will be the pianist on the occasion.

SCARCITY OF ENGLISH POTATOES.

Owing to the frost and the inclemency of the earlier months of the year, England has produced barely one-tenth of her usual crop of potatoes, and were it not for the fiscal foreigners, there would hardly be any potatoes at all.

Within the past six days Germany has sent us 246,000 bags, Belgium 77,000, Holland 47,000, and France 40,000; wherefore, prices have not risen—are, indeed, low—a hundred-weight selling for about four shillings.

A continued frost, however, would put a stop to these imports, and then potatoes would vie with the black tulip and the orchid in price and rarity—or thereabouts.

Perhaps some enterprising speculator may start a corner in potatoes; "and then—" as Mr. Stephen Phillips remarks.

THREE TIMES TRIED FOR MURDER.

After having been three times tried for his life, Joseph Moan, an agricultural labourer, was yesterday sentenced to death at the Ulster Assizes for the murder of Rose Ann McCann.

The Lord Chief Baron, in uttering sentence, was almost overcome with emotion, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he was able to complete the solemn formula of the death sentence.

SHORT FOREIGN TELEGRAMS.

DR. DOWIE'S DIFFICULTIES.

The liabilities of Dr. Dowie are estimated at £145,000. On Wednesday evening he preached to the inhabitants of Zion City and asked for £100,000. The contribution he received, however, was less than £20.

THE KAISER'S CURE COMPLETE.

Laffan's correspondent at Berlin stated yesterday that the Kaiser had experienced a fresh attack of hoarseness.

The "British Medical Journal" contains the following announcement:—

"We are enabled to state on absolutely trustworthy authority that the medical advisers of the German Emperor consider that the cure of the slight local affection for which he was recently treated is complete, and have no fear whatever of any untoward developments."

COMMERCIAL RELATIONS WITH GERMANY.

The newly-elected German Reichstag was opened yesterday. The most important part of the speech from the Throne, read by the Imperial Chancellor, Count von Bülow, referred to the continuance of the present commercial relations with Great Britain.

In view of the present position of affairs, the Emperor's message said, it appears expedient to retain for the time being the present basis. The draft of a law would therefore be submitted empowering the Federal Council to continue after December 31, 1903, the most-favourable-nation treatment to the products of British subjects. The new law comes into force on January 1.

EXECUTED BEFORE 5,000 PEOPLE.

More than 5,000 people were spectators of the execution of a French murderer named Potain, at Beauvais yesterday morning. All night, by the light of the moon, thousands of the inhabitants watched Deibler, the executioner, and his assistants, erecting the guillotine.

The crime expiated was the cold-blooded murder of an old woman and her son, aged nine, near Beauvais last June. On October 3 three men were condemned for the crime—Lemaire to penal servitude for life, and Longfleur and Potain to capital punishment. At the last moment, however, President Loubet commuted Longfleur's sentence to penal servitude for life, but Potain did not benefit by M. Loubet's clemency.

He was sleeping soundly when awakened at six o'clock in the morning, and brought out in a cart to the place of execution. Just before the guillotine descended Potain shouted: "Long live anarchy; I die innocent."

IN FLOWERY PROVENCE.

The British M.P.'s and ladies who are still lingering in France had a pleasant time at Marseilles yesterday seeing the sights of the Phocæan city.

They were received with true Provencal enthusiasm, and everywhere the Marseillais in the streets greeted them warmly. Special carriages decorated with the French and British colours were placed at the disposal of the visitors by the Tramways Company. The famous Longchamps Palace, and other places were visited, and afterwards the party were entertained to luncheon.

Speeches informed with the poetic fervour of the Midi were given, and the chairman drank the health of the visitors "in the name of Flowery Provence."

The most remarkable of the English speeches reported by Reuter was that of Sir M. Bhowagare, who said the people of India, like the people of all the British Colonies, saw with the greatest satisfaction the rapprochement which had grown up between the two nations.

A brilliant reception at the Chamber of Commerce followed.

COUNTESS'S JEWELS FOR CHARITY.

The estate left by Georgiana Adelaide Countess of Seaford, who died last September, amounts to £33,500 gross.

Lady Seaford left her jewellery and personal ornaments in trust for sale, bequeathing the proceeds to Dr. Barnardo's Homes.

The mass of her property goes to her nephew, Sir Frederick Forestier-Walker.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE OUTLOOK.

Stock markets were not perhaps quite so buoyant yesterday. There was more irregularity, but there were no really bad spots, except that the dealers in the Home Railway market complained gloomily of the falling off of business, and are disposed to mark prices lower.

In full swing again, and were a very active and strong market, with much investment business forthcoming; and there seemed to be a disposition to turn to securities in the neighbourhood of country of Uruguay, which, likewise, would enjoy a good harvest, though it is in greater proportion a pastoral country.

Late in the day American Rails were put better, and this was entirely due to manipulation on the part of finance houses which have stocks to sell to the public. Canadian Rails were rather adversely influenced by the coming Canadian Pacific Bond issue, which is required for steamship and other purposes.

Generally speaking, the nearer Saturday's holiday on the Stock Exchange and some little uneasiness about the Far East tended to depress quotations. So Consols are a shade lower, and there was a disposition to take profits on the part of speculators in South African mines, as the public have not come in to relieve them of recent purchases.

The new Johannesburg Loan is quoted not being received with enthusiasm, for it is evidently a little below the issue price in the market. But, as the underwriters received 12 per cent. commission for their pains, they can afford to sell to the public perhaps a shilling or below 90.

It is interesting to notice that several industrial issues are promised shortly, and one railway issue will make its appearance next week. Paris was evidently indisposed to attach much importance to Far Eastern news, as the Foreign market was kept firm.

A HOUSE BESIEGED.

Excursions and Alarums Between Landlady and Tenant.

An extraordinary story was told at the hearing of a Nisi Prius action at Liverpool Assizes yesterday. A Mrs. Marion Ramsay sought damages for trespass and assault from a Mrs. Woodiwiss.

According to Mrs. Ramsay's case, Mrs. Woodiwiss is a widow with a thousand a year, and a life interest in a large house near Southport.

She let the house to Mrs. Ramsay, a married lady in a good position. Some dispute arose, which ended in Mrs. Woodiwiss taking possession of the house while plaintiff and her children still occupied it. She locked the doors, took command of the servants, and expressing the intention of starving out the family, prevented milk and bread from coming.

Next morning Mrs. Ramsay, who was in London, arrived in response to an urgent telegram from his wife, and Mrs. Woodiwiss only let him in when he was endeavouring to burst open the door. The next day the husband brought four men, and ejected Mrs. Woodiwiss and her two servants. The dispossessed lady collected another party of men and attacked the doors with an improvised battering-ram.

This being ineffectual she herself smashed in the drawing-room window to let the men in. Mr. Ramsay then seized an unloaded revolver, and standing at the head of the stairs threatened to shoot the first man who went up. The police eventually quelled the turmoil.

The Judge said he could hardly imagine such things taking place in civilised countries. The hearing was not concluded.

TREASURE SEEKERS.

"Times" Advertisements are the Prelude to a Strange Scene.

A most thorough and amazing hoax was played off yesterday morning on a large crowd of treasure seekers who are hunting for the missing gold, clues to the whereabouts of which are being given in the serial story in "Tit-Bits."

Last Wednesday's instalment of the story contained instructions to a Mr. Meggs, the hero, that if he advertised the words "agreed" or "doubly agreed" in the Personal column of the "Times" and went at ten o'clock on the morning of its appearance to the corner of Adam-street and Duke-street, in the Adelphi, he would find a uniformed messenger boy, who, on learning his name, would hand him an envelope containing the halves of two £100 banknotes. The missing halves of the notes were to be forwarded to Mr. Meggs as soon as certain conditions had been complied with.

As a result the readers of the "Times" yesterday were puzzled to find that the Personal advertisements contained half a column of "Agreed" and "Doubly Agreed."

At the corner of Adam-street a crowd had gathered by half-past nine, and the police were forced to regulate the anxious gold hunters. Soon after the half hour an unlucky messenger boy made his appearance, and was literally mobbed. "I am Mr. Meggs," shouted the crowd as one man, but the boy was searched in vain for a letter directed to that lucky person.

As the appointed time drew near the crowd steadily swelled, and more messenger boys were searched, but "Mr. Meggs" still waited vainly for his treasure.

At last a letter really did arrive, but it proved to be doubly a hoax, for it contained only a blank sheet of paper, and there was one very disappointed man, and many relieved ones, in the crowd.

Even then it did not dawn upon the crowd that they were being hoaxed, and the police were still obliged to rescue messenger boys at intervals. Gradually, however, "Mr. Meggs" lost heart and dwindled away.

ESKIMO LOVE-MAKING.

The first balloon ever used in the Antarctic regions was taken out by the Discovery, and the money for its purchase, was provided, by two ladies.

At a meeting of the Aeronautical Society last night, Lieut. Shackleton, aeronaut to the Discovery, gave an account of his experiences.

He said that in England fifteen cylinders of hydrogen sufficed to fill the balloon, but in the Polar atmosphere nineteen were used, and even then the balloon was not full.

The balloon was sent up to see if any land could be seen south of the great ice-bank, and observations were made to a considerable distance from a height of 750ft.

"I heard of an occasion," said the aeronaut, "when a balloon might have been very useful near the South Pole. There were two Eskimo huts close to each other. In one lived a young man, in the other an old man and a pretty daughter. The young man wanted to marry the daughter, but the father, as fathers sometimes will, was disagreeable. "Between the two huts was a chasm with a snow bridge. One moonlight night the young man went across the bridge, picked up the sleeping-lag in which the girl was reposing, and ran home to his hut. Then he broke down the bridge just as the old man was crawling out of his bag. The father must have wished for our balloon."

FINE FLOATING HOTEL.

The Newest and Largest South African Liner.

Lord Stanley, M.P., the Postmaster-General, was the principal speaker at the luncheon given yesterday in the fine saloon of the newest Union-Castle liner, the Armadale Castle, the largest and most powerful vessel of the Cape service, and the biggest mail steamer, in point of tonnage, yet built on the Clyde.

She sails on her maiden voyage to Cape Colony and Natal with the Christmas mails on Saturday.

The Postmaster-General, alluding to his post as censor in the war, said he went out to South Africa four years ago to delay letters, but he had now come to show his interest in the swift carriage of the mails. To illustrate the progress of the mail service, he said before 1890 700 bags were despatched weekly to the Cape; during the war the number rose to 1,500, and now it was 1,600.

Sir Francis Evans said our prosperity was tied up with the colonies of South Africa, and his company were providing better and quicker ships to bind still closer the ties between the colonists and the Mother-country.

The Armadale Castle cannot be compared with the newest German Atlantic greyhounds in size, luxury, or decoration. She has no "Imperial suites" at £400 per passage; no state suites, Viennese cafés, or grill rooms. Still she is a very fine and comfortable boat.

The first-class saloon will seat 189, and underneath is a children's dining saloon, a feature which will be welcomed by bachelors and old maids. There are also reading and smoking rooms for all three classes of passengers. The decoration is severe, consisting of oak, satinwood, and mahogany paneling.

Two cows are carried, as well as 60,000lbs. of fresh meat, 6,000 head of poultry and game, 10,000lbs. of fresh and dried fish, etc.

There are patent egg-boilers, which automatically lift the eggs out of the water, and electricity is largely made use of for driving knife-cleaning, coffee-grinding, dough-mixing, and hair-brushing machines; for heating cooling irons, for ventilation, lighting, and heating.

The Armadale Castle can carry 320 first, 225 second, and 280 third-class passengers. Her gross tonnage is 12,973, and her horse-power 12,500. The Fairfield Company were the builders.

SLEEPING IN A BATH.

Remarkable Treatment of a Girl Fever Patient.

A remarkable method of treatment is being pursued at the London Hospital in the case of a girl patient suffering from a terrible attack of typhoid fever. As her only chance of surviving she is kept in a bath of warm water, in which she lives, sleeps, and eats.

Five days ago the girl, who is only eleven years old, was placed in a large bath, seven feet long and four feet wide, almost dead. Her temperature was then 105 deg. F., and as cold and tepid sponging had proved of little avail, the warm bath cure was tried as a last resource.

The patient lies on water pillows, and her body is entirely under water, at a constant temperature of 101 deg. The bath ensures that the girl is constantly surrounded by a medium cooler than her body, and the reduction of temperature is slowly taking place. In five days the girl's temperature fell to 103 deg., but the crisis has yet to come, and at least three weeks must be spent in the bath before the disease can be shaken off.

Only once before has the treatment been resorted to at the London Hospital, when some years ago a man was kept immersed for six weeks and recovered.

In the present case the girl has moments of consciousness, during which she asks for her mother. Strict watch is kept, lest in the restlessness of delirium she should put her mouth under water. Blankets entirely cover the bath, with an opening through which the patient's head can be seen.

THE LATE MR. SNELGROVE.

The Life Story of the "Prince of Drapers."

Our readers will learn with regret that Mr. John Snelgrove, of the well-known Oxford-street firm of Marshall and Snelgrove, died suddenly, late on Tuesday night, at his town house in Kensington Palace-gardens. Mr. Snelgrove, who was eighty-eight years old, leaves a widow, two sons, and three daughters. The cause of his death was an effusion of blood on the brain.

Till the last Mr. John Snelgrove, despite his advanced age, enjoyed excellent health. He had long retired from business, and, since 1885, the year of his withdrawal, had divided his time between his London residence and his beautiful place at Torquay.

Mr. Snelgrove was a Somersetshire man, and his life resembled in many points that of Hogarth's "industrious apprentice."

In 1837, the year in which Queen Victoria came to the throne, young Snelgrove entered the draper's shop kept by the father of Mr. John Marshall, the present head of the firm. It was a small business, confined to one house, No. 11, Vere-street. Here John Snelgrove showed such energy, industry, and ability that he was soon promoted over the heads of the other assistants, and was at last offered a partnership. Thus arose the great house of Marshall and Snelgrove, that gradually found its way from Vere-street to Oxford-street, and now occupies the palatial block familiar to the present generation.

The Industrious Apprentice.

John Snelgrove, having gone so far, now increased his good fortune by winning the hand of his patron's daughter. For twenty-five years afterwards he continued to take an active part in the management of the business. Retiring, he still maintained his interest in the great trade to which he owed his success.

The "Draper's Record" was ever his favourite newspaper. Now he busied himself almost exclusively with philanthropy. He had been President of the Draper's Institution from 1869-1881; he added considerably to its usefulness by building four of the cottage homes at Mill Hill for necessitous warehousemen and drapers, and their widows and orphans.

The fifty years that Mr. Snelgrove spent actively in business not only procured him the title of "prince of drapers," but unfolded many changes in the fashions and materials with which he concerned himself. Progressive and abreast of the times in most things, one recent innovation filled him with distrust. The transformation of the draper into the universal provider was hardly to his liking.

"Let the draper stick to his drapery," was Mr. Snelgrove's motto. "It was impossible to be at the head of any one trade if you went chasing after a dozen others."

LOVER'S ETHICS.

"Excusable to Tell a Lie for a Woman's Sake."

"It is always excusable to tell a lie for a woman's sake."

This sentence is from a letter of Captain Neilson, the co-respondent in a case in the Divorce Court yesterday. Mr. Archibald Bellville, a wealthy gentleman in the Midlands, had known Captain Neilson in Army "cramming" days, and in later years introduced him to his wife.

An intimacy sprang up between the wife and the friend, and letters passed between them. Mr. Bellville spoke of the matter, but Captain Neilson, however, pledged his word of honour that there was nothing wrong, and satisfied with this assurance the petitioner allowed him to continue his visits to the house.

"Phyllis, my own little darling"—ran one of the letters—"I have written to Archie in a more or less conciliatory spirit, much as it goes against my grain. Thank goodness, darling, I saw you, even though it was only for a few moments. Oh, Phyllis, it was heavenly!"

In another letter occurred the remarkable words quoted above.

Mr. Justice Barnes granted a decree nisi with costs, and gave Mr. Bellville the custody of the children.

SHORT HOME NEWS.

"MY DEAR SIR."

"My experience on the Bench is that a man who commences with 'My dear sir' is generally going to tell an untruth."—Judge Emden, in Lambeth County Court yesterday.

A WOMAN BURGLAR.

Janet Smith, a hawker, was sentenced to three years' penal servitude at Guildford Assizes yesterday for burglary at the residence of a Godalming house agent. She had cross-examined the witnesses with great skill, and on hearing the sentence exclaimed: "Thank you, my lord; a very just sentence. I expected seven."

MISS HOLLAND'S EPITAPH.

A handsome marble cross, bearing the following inscription, was placed over the grave of Miss Holland in Saffron Walden cemetery yesterday—

"A sympathetic memory of Camille Cecile Holland, of Maidstone, Kent, who died at Clavering under distressing circumstances on the 19th May, 1899, aged fifty-six years.
"Nunc Domine Requiescat in Pace."

GENERAL BULLER'S PROPHECY.

General and Lady Audrey Buller arrived at Liverpool yesterday evening, and had a cordial reception at the station from a large crowd.

Speaking at the Devonian banquet last night General Buller urged all Devonians to keep themselves fit in case the manhood of the nation was called upon to take part in a national struggle for existence, which was certain at some future date.

MAJOR AS LIFE-SAVER.

An interesting history attaches to the award of a Royal Humane Society's medal, presented yesterday to Major Mann at the meeting of the Woolwich Board of Guardians.

On August 2 the Major, whilst walking on Woolwich Common, heard the cries of a boy who was drowning in a pond. Major Mann, who is considerably past middle age, plunged into the water fully dressed, swam to the boy, and rescued him.

MYSTERY OF TWO WARSHIPS ENDED.

The mystery of the two warships built for the Chilean Government is now solved. One rumour said that Japan had bought them; another that Russia, anxious to reinforce her Far Eastern Squadron, was the customer.

It is now officially announced that the British Admiralty have purchased the two vessels for £1,875,000. It is an advantageous bargain, for when the question of the purchase of the ships was raised in Parliament last February the price was stated as £2,000,000.

STOLE TO GET MARRIED.

The fact of becoming engaged to be married does not seem to have improved the character of an office-boy named Stanley Nye, working for Messrs. Carter and Co., seedsmen, High Holborn.

In order to get married Nye robbed his employers, his total defalcations being between £100 and £200. He spent some of the money on buying a diamond engagement-ring and bicycles for himself and his fiancée. At the time of his arrest he had £105 standing to his credit at the bank.

Yesterday the magistrate at Bow-street sentenced him to three months with hard labour.

A WOMEN'S RIFLE CLUB.

The glories of volunteering are no longer to remain a prerogative of the sterner sex, while the mysteries of "magpies" and "inners" will no longer be confined to the smoking-room.

At Burslem, in Staffordshire, a ladies' shooting club has been started in the Drill Hall. Armed with special rifles, many of the members are fast becoming expert shots, and matches have been arranged to take place during the season between the ladies' clubs, which are affiliated to the North Staffordshire Morris Tube League.

In several other clubs a movement has been made to arrange a ladies' evening at the ranges, and there is no reason why rifle shooting should not replace archery among feminine sports.

RACING.

Contrary to expectations, racing was possible at Leicester yesterday. The results were:—

Race.	Winner.	Rides.	Price.
Bilvoe St. Chase (4).	Hidden Love	J. Phillips	2 to 1
Glou. S. Chase (6).	Hughath Lath	P. Woodland	2 to 1
Silby St. Chase (4).	Liberty	F. Lyall	8 to 11
Handicap Hurdle (7).	Fits and Starts	E. Matthews	evens
Town Hurdle (4).	Young Cooper	Mr. Payne	2 to 1
Goalby Hurdle (6).	Hairdill	T. H. Dillill	6 to 4

(The figures in parentheses indicate the number of starters.)

For to-day's meeting at Kempton Park the following horses appear to have chances:—St. Margaret's Selling Hurdle (2 miles)—Louise or Leone; Uxbridge Steep Chase (3 miles)—Biology or Dermot Ashore; Hurdle Handicap (2 miles)—Communist or Ray; Hampton Steeplechase (3 miles)—Cushendun or Succisima; Stewards' Steeplechase (2 miles)—Strategy or Cheiro; Wimbledon Maiden Hurdle (1½ miles)—Strattington or Biliary.

Consequent on the fiasco at the start of the Manchester November Handicap, the Stewards of the Jockey Club give notice that no owner, trainer, or jockey will be allowed upon the course at the starting post without permission from the Stewards of the meeting, or from the Starter.

ENGLISH CRICKETERS IN AUSTRALIA.

The match between the M.C.C. team captained by Mr. Warner and eighteen of the Maitland district of New South Wales ended yesterday in a draw. The scores were:—

Maitland and District—284 and 241 (for six wickets); M.C.C.—133 (Tyldesley 104, Bosanquet 99, Lilley 102, not out).

To-Day's Arrangements.

General.

Winter sale of the Working Ladies' Guild at the Gallery of the National Skating Palace, Argyll-street; also on December 5, 7, and 8. Princess Henry of Battenberg will preside. From 2 to 6.

Lady Blandford opens the annual sale of work for the support of the Aid and Extra Comfort Funds of the National Orthopaedic Hospital, 234, Great Portland-street, W., at the hospital.

The third exhibition of the Sussex branch of the Royal Amateur Art Society, 38, Adelaide-crescent, Brighton, from the 4th to the 8th inclusive.

Spohr's "Last Judgment," at St. Peter's, Eaton-square.

Mrs. Josef Conn lectures to ladies on "Physical Education," at the Bechstein Hall, Wigmore-street, W., 3.

Sales.

La Maison Mayer: Sale at Hotel Great Central (Red Room).

Theatres.

Apollo, "The Girl from Kays," 8.
Criterion, "Billy's Little Love Affair," 9.
Daly's, "A Country Girl," 8.

Drury Lane. "The Flood Tide," 8.

Duke of York's, "Lettie," 8.

Gaiety, "The Orchid," 8.

Garfield, "The Ticket on the Hearth," 8.15.

Haymarket, "Cousin Kate," 9.

His Majesty's, "King Richard II.," 8.15.

Imperial, "Monsieur Beauchamp," 8.55.

New Theatre, "Mrs. Goring's Necklace," 8.55.

Prince of Wales's, "The School Girl," 8.

Queen's (Small) Hall, "The Follies," 8.15 and 8.30.

Royal Court, "The Tempest," 2.30.

Royalty, "Die Wappenhause," 8.15.

Shaftesbury, "In Dahomey," 8.15.

St. James's, "The Cardinal," 8.30.

Strand, "A Chinese Honeymoon," 8.

Terry's, "My Little Molly," 8.15.

Wyndham's, "Little Mary," 9.

Alhambra, "Carmen," doors open 7.45.

Empire, "Vineland," doors open 7.45.

Hippodrome, "Consul," and Varieties, 2 and 8.

Palace, New Bioscope Pictures, 8.

* Matinees are on the day of performance indicated by an asterisk.



THE STORY OF ANGELINA.

By HENRY W. LUCY.

DOMESTIC life in the United States would be bearable only for two pests. One is the mosquito, the other the indoor servant.

Of the two the mosquito is the more endurable, since it is not with us the year round, whereas the servant is—or should be. We who keep house in England know something of the servant trouble.

Our State is elysium compared with that of our American cousins. "Experientia docet." I have been staying for a few days at a charming country house within half an hour's railway ride of New York. On arrival I noticed, waiting at the table, a rather middle-aged young lady to whom a pair of spectacles lent a studious, not to say collegiate, air.

Her abundant hair, free, and in area nearly as extensive as the State of New York, was not weighed down by the badge of slavery indicated by the pretty white cap worn in effete countries by a downtrodden sisterhood.

I watched with interest her manner of marching round the flower-decked breakfast-table, at which five people sat. She was there nominally as parlourmaid, condescending to take tribute at the rate of £48 a year. Being there in these circumstances she might as well go round with the hominy, the grilled kidneys, and eke the eggs and bacon. But the slightly turned-up nose, the scornful mouth, above all a certain dragging of the feet over the carpet eloquently indicated her position and ours.

The Cap Rejected.

My hostess informed me that, contrary to the practice in English households, it is the privilege of the employer to provide the parlourmaid with aprons, collars, cuffs, and caps. In anticipation of the arrival of Angelina—engaged in response to an advertisement by "a refined young girl as waitress in first-class private family"—these appurtenances of office were duly laid out in her bedroom.

The humble mistress anxiously awaited the newcomer's attendance at the first meal. Fearing the worst she found the situation modified. The snow white apron, the linen cuffs and collar, fresh from the laundry, being, on the whole, becoming, were worn. But the cap, no.

"I dare not ask her to put it on," my hostess, with something suspiciously like tears in her eyes, confided to sympathetic ears. "If I did she would walk straight out of the house."

The crisis was only postponed. It was on a Friday that Angelina, accompanied by a large trunk, had been so good as to arrive. For the refined girl, the prospect must have been satisfactory, if not alluring.

A beautiful house, set in its own grounds, surrounded by trees radiant in autumnal colours. A park-like country stretching far as the eye could see, with peeps of the Sound that severs us from Long Island gleaming in the sunlight. Within, all the home comforts that abundant money and exceptional good taste could command.

Angelina's—colleagues, shall we call them?—were three in number, cook, chambermaid, and laundress. These to minister to the necessities of a company of three persons. The society of man, though banished from the kitchen, was near at hand. Angelina, from the window of her comfortably furnished bedroom, with its hot water pipes and its adjacent bath-room, could look forth upon a cluster of prettily built stables and houses where dwelt the coachman, the grooms, and the gardeners.

The Passing of Angelina.

This seemed the sort of place to stay in, with all personal needs provided, and £4 a month to save up in view of an ulterior position. But there is a canker worm in many roses of fair exterior. With Angelina it took the form of discovery that in her bed-room electric light was lacking. With a patience and magnanimity that extorts admiration, she bore this cross through Friday night.

On Saturday night, finding installation had not taken place, and that there was nothing for the illumination of her room but a tumbler pair of candles, she felt that, not less in assertion of her personal position than in vindication of the rights of her class, something must be done.

Coming down in moderately good time the next morning, whilst the Sabbath bells chimed sweetly over park and hamlet, she gave notice.

In England, I am informed, a servant on accepting an engagement is required to stay at least a month. The United States, less tolerant of time, permits the term of service to be reduced to one week. The hostess so understanding the situation, accepted the intimation, prepared at the end of the week to look out for another girl. At breakfast time on Monday morning Angelina was not.

She was good enough to send messages conveying the disquieting intimation that she was indisposed and would take breakfast in bed. So the chambermaid, an honest-faced, willing-handed German, waited at table. After breakfast the mistress, passing through the hall, found Angelina dressed in walking costume. "I'm going," she mentioned. "I

want three days' wages, and my car fare from the station. And how am I going to get to the station now?"

With the angelic patience that is a marvel and a mystery to man, the mistress paid the wage and the cab fare. To my great delight she left Angelina and her travelling box to reach the railway station on their own account.

Even to the harried British housewife, who finds it hard to put up with the pretensions of parlourmaids and the cantankerousness of cooks, this narrative will be suspected of exaggeration. I declare on my honour it is a bare statement of circumstances that passed under my own observation.

A NEW ACTRESS.

MISS DARRAGH CREATES A VERY FAVOURABLE IMPRESSION IN LADY TROUBRIDGE'S PLAY.

A PLAYGOER who had come in late was having the plot of Lady Troubridge's piece explained to him by a friend in the New Theatre foyer yesterday afternoon.

"Then she's a cat?" he said, interrogatively, after he had heard how a certain Mrs. Raymond had been going on.

"Oh!" replied his friend, "in women's plays the women are all cats!"

Lady Troubridge has made an exception to this rule (if it be a rule), and exceptions to other rules as well. For instance, plays produced for one afternoon only are, as a rule, never heard of again. We are inclined to think that "Mrs. Oakleigh" will be heard of again.

Once more, plays by women are generally weak in construction, and over-burdened by detail. Lady Troubridge falls into neither of these traps. She has a clear idea of the story she wants to tell, and she tells it clearly,

putting in only what is essential, and leaving out the rest.

Evidently she has studied the art of play-writing, probably from the French masters of that art. Where she is weakest at present is in presentation of character. She can put a plot together, and work up a scene. But her people are not quite interesting enough to send the critic away content.

The two characters who did interest the audience were Mrs. Oakleigh herself, the woman who, after many adventures of the heart, not of a very creditable kind, finds herself consumed by true passion; and Mrs. Oakleigh's husband, a genial ruffian of whom we saw far too little, and of whom Mr. Norman McKinnel gave a most natural and convincing little sketch.

As Mrs. Oakleigh, Miss Darragh proved herself to be the actress we have been looking for so long. She held the audience with a firm grip through some very difficult scenes. All through the latter half of the last act she had a dying scene of the kind with which Sarah Bernhardt has made us familiar, and wonderfully piteous and moving she made it.

The man she loves has found out her history and hastily married someone else. She knows nothing of his marriage. She only knows that he has cast her off. She is dying slowly because she has no will to live without him.

Two friends of both arrange a meeting, and persuade the man to smooth her path into the Beyond by pretending that all is as it was between them.

At first her joy brings back her strength. She laughs, cries, puts her cheek to his, and declares that she is well again. Then she must stand by his side and rest her head upon his shoulder again. The effort is made and proves too much for her wasted frame. She sinks down exhausted, and then from his broken words she guesses the truth, and falls back—dead!

The scene is boldly conceived and, on the whole, well written, and Miss Darragh made it poignant and arresting. Not for a moment did attention grow slack while she was on the stage. She has the temperament of a great actress, and the ability to express that temperament only needs practice to attain perfection. She has remarkable power already, and the rest will come.

The rest of the cast, with the exception of Miss May Pardee, did not serve Lady Troubridge very well. If the piece were taken in hand again to be strengthened here and there, and if it were played by a better all-round company, it ought to have a very fair chance.



TO HELP MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

Woman's Branch of the Tariff Reform League.

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

It has occurred to me that, as the *Daily Mirror* has the distinction of being the first daily paper for women issued in this country, it would be a good idea if it could be the means—whilst in its infancy—of inaugurating some movement which should be of definite help to the world.

In common with many of your readers, I take a great interest in Mr. Chamberlain's magnificent scheme for tariff reform, believing, as I do, that if his idea is carried out it will not only add materially to our prosperity here, but will also be of inestimable advantage to our colonies, and so be instrumental in making us in reality that "Greater Britain" which we are now—to a great extent—only in name.

It appears to me that the fiscal question is one of equally vital importance to women and men. In fact, if bad times result in reduced wages, it is the woman who usually suffers more, as she has the same number of mouths to fill and children to clothe whether her husband bring her home £1 or 30s. a week.

During a recent visit to the West of England I spent a considerable amount of time in ascertaining the views of the working people of the district on Mr. Chamberlain's proposals. When first the subject was mentioned the idea being that the price of bread and meat would both be doubled in consequence—and both were too dear already.

After a little explanation, however, the women, especially, seemed to view the matter more rationally, and this gave me the idea that if a women's branch of the Tariff Reform League were formed, and everyone who joined it pledged themselves to try and interest other women, less well informed than themselves in the project, substantial aid might be rendered to Mr. Chamberlain's scheme.

—Yours,

JULIA KINDER.

Chelsea, Dec. 3.

THE HOPE CLUB.

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

With reference to my article in Wednesday's *Daily Mirror* with regard to the Hope Club, which I have recently opened for the benefit of young ladies in houses of business, would you allow me to say, in case of any misunderstanding on the point, that we fully intend and desire the Hope Club to be self-supporting and dependent upon its own membership. It takes, however, some time to make a new

scheme known; and my idea was that in the meantime we might get a few of those who are customers to help us in the undertaking. If, however, the young ladies who are in the firms of the West End will only join themselves and become members we shall not require any outside support.

Perhaps every reader of this article will endeavour to find a new member for the Hope Club!—Your truly,

E. R. HOPE.

A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS ON "A MAN'S THOUGHTS."

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

I have read with some interest and amusement, not to say anger, "A Man's Thoughts on Woman's Books," appearing in Wednesday's issue of the *Daily Mirror*. This article is hardly a compliment; it is well-nigh an insult to the *Daily Mirror* and its readers.

George Eliot ranks among the very first English authors of last century, and I don't think that it is too much to say that there is scarcely a home where any literature in the true sense of the word is read where George Eliot is not truly appreciated. MATILDA, Clapham Park.

CORSETS FOR MEN.

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

Like many of your other men readers I am an habitual wearer of corsets, and I venture to say that any man having once worn them would not for several reasons be able to leave them off.

I fail to see why men should be ridiculed for wearing that which is acknowledged a comfort and protection.

I have worn them for fourteen years, and my boys and girls (three of each) regularly do so. 22-1NCH. Shrewsbury.

Will the writer of the letter signed "Australian," which appeared in our issue of November 27, communicate with the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.

The secretary to the General Employment Agency writes from Sun House, Brompton, Canterbury, to say that the publication of her letter about Kentish servants has brought her so many enquiries for further particulars that she wishes to let all who are in search of servants know that their communications will receive immediate attention if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for reply.

SIR HORACE RUMBOLD AGAIN.

A DISAPPOINTMENT FOR THOSE WHO EXPECTED FRESH REVELATIONS.

FURTHER RECOLLECTIONS OF A DIPLOMATIST. By Sir Horace Rumbold. 18s. Edward Arnold. PUBLISHED TO-DAY.

THE flattering reception accorded to the earlier volumes of Sir Horace Rumbold's "Recollections" has encouraged the distinguished ex-Ambassador to the Court of Vienna to bring up his narrative to more recent years. These pages will be eagerly scanned by those who are familiar with the candid revelations of state secrets that have already proceeded from Sir Horace Rumbold's pen. But they will find little in them to equal the interest of his previous pages.

His volume covers the period during which the author was Minister to Chili, Switzerland, Argentina, and Sweden and Norway successively. There is an abundance of pleasant chatter about travel and places, and some personal and family detail set forth with becoming modesty. It is plainly seen that the heart of the diplomat has been in England through all the long years of a sufficiently comfortable exile. He describes picturesquely enough the state functions of foreign Courts, and dwells with amiable satisfaction on the marks of favour received from foreign statesmen and rulers, but he scarcely conceals his preference for the brilliant society of London and the great country houses to which he has always enjoyed the entrée.

Dizzy and the Duchesses.

There are a few interesting references to Lord Beaconsfield, among them the description of a dinner party given in his honour by Lady Marian Alford at Prince's-gate.

She had asked a number of smart people to meet him—the Duchess of Bedford, the Duchess of Cleveland, Lady Somers, and Lady Brownlow among others. The Premier (Lord Beaconsfield) arrived late, and it was curious to see these great ladies—*en grandissime toilette* for the state concert that evening—all rise as for royalty when the old man came in. After dinner he said a few words to me, and, surveying Lady Marian's beautiful drawing-room and the conservatory beyond it, made a sweeping gesture with his hand, and observed in his best Lothar manner: "This is a palace of art!" which, though not precisely original, was just the sort of thing he might be expected to say. He looked decidedly worn and aged, and in spite of the great attention and respect shown to him, seemed, I thought, rather bored.

This was in 1879. Not in the most romantic dreams of his early years can Disraeli have anticipated the time when the greatest ladies in English society would rise for him "as for royalty"! Do our present-day duchesses rise for Mr. Chamberlain when the "missionary of Empire" arrives late at a dual dinner-party given in his honour?

The Well-kept Secret.

The best passages in this book are those, curiously enough, that deal with Glamis Castle, the seat of the Earl of Strathmore. The story of the secret chamber, of the mystery attaching to it, and the hitherto successful efforts of the Strathmore family to safeguard the secret from public knowledge is already familiar. Sir Horace Rumbold must be held responsible if the general interest in the most authentic of all ghost stories deepens and intensifies after the publication of his own experiences. Sir Horace visited the Castle in 1877, and does not deny that the place exercised an influence over his mind that was not less powerful because it was unaccountable.

The knowledge of the exact whereabouts of this chamber in the great, irregular, mediaeval pile, is, as most people are aware, held by the Lyons to be of such importance that, from generation to generation, it has been jealously guarded.

So far so good. The grave import attached to the preservation of the secret has been variously attributed by those who speculate on the subject—and who of the many visitors to Glamis has not done so?—to such causes as an unwillingness to break with a time-honoured family tradition handed down through centuries in an ancient race; or to the dark crime of some ancestor, which, if fully revealed, would inflict indelible disgrace on the family name; or, lastly, to some flaw in the title to the property which might come to light with the discovery of the secret.

None of these motives, however, can at all account for the same manner in which that secret appears to affect the lives of its chief depositaries.

A Disturbing Atmosphere.

Sir Horace Rumbold speaks also of the "peculiar atmosphere of uncanniness by which all those who have stayed there agree that the Castle is pervaded," and admits that during his week's stay there he "felt somehow on the stretch, and certainly did not enjoy unbroken rest at night."

Sir Horace's frank and famous diplomatic indiscretions in his previous volume, and in the "National Review" the same time since have unfortunately no counterparts in this volume. He speaks of the King when Prince of Wales as "anti-Russian as ever," but there are no other touches of vivid political interest.

The ex-Ambassador has retired into his diplomatic shell, and the interest of his narrative suffers in consequence.



45 and 46, New Bond Street,
Thursday Evening.

To use an Irishism, the most important event to record to-day took place yesterday, and this was the royal dinner given by Sir Edward and Lady Colebrooke to the Duke and the Duchess of Connaught.

Thirty guests were invited, and dinner was served at two round tables, beautifully arranged with masses of pale pink roses and lovely silver. Lady Colebrooke is a charming hostess, and everything went off very well, the Duke of Connaught being in excellent spirits, and the Duchess, looking very handsome, was beautifully dressed, but wore hardly any jewels.

In Town To-day.

This morning promised well, although a warmer feeling in the air seemed to indicate that rain was not far off. However, people took advantage of the fine weather while they could, and in the West End there were plenty of people about, most of them, it is true, in and out of the various shops, and only a very few taking a real walk.

The Duchess of Bedford, accompanied by the Duke, was on her way to Prince's, where she is a most regular attendant, and much persevering practice is making her a really fine skater. To-day she was dressed in brown cloth, with a light blue hat, instead of the black, which she generally wears when skating. Lord Kerry and pretty Miss Elsie Hope were walking in Bond-street, where Lord Granby was to be seen with Lady Marjorie Manners, and Lady Margaret Orr-Ewing was accompanied by her small daughter. Mr. and Mrs. Derek Keppel, Lady Ebrington, and Mr. Humphrey Sturt were others to be seen about.

For Lunch.

The Berkeley was just pleasantly crowded at luncheon-time to-day, and there were several interesting people at the different tables. Sir Charles and Lady Euan-Smith were together, and Mrs. Carl Meyer and her daughter lunched at a table close by, the former wearing fawn with a short fur coat, while Miss Meyer looked very nice in tabac-brown, with a pale blue hat.

At the School of Art Needlework.

Every Thursday afternoon as Christmas approaches there are more people buying Christmas presents at the weekly "at homes" at the Royal School of Art Needlework. This afternoon it was very full indeed, and the hostesses, Mrs. Ewart and Miss Bulkeley, welcomed many friends. The Duchess of Devonshire, wearing purple cloth with sables, came with Mrs. Rochfort Maguire, dressed in blue; the Dowager Lady Conyngham and Mrs. Alfred Egerton were both in black; Ellen Lady Inchiquin looked in for awhile; Lady Emily Kingscott had on a neat black costume, and Lady Sotheby, Mrs. West, and Miss Eaton were also having tea and buying some charming artistic trifles.

A Crowded Matinee.

At three o'clock this afternoon there was not a vacant seat at the New Theatre, so great was the interest shown in Lady Troubridge's play, "Mrs. Oakleigh."

Adeline Duchess of Bedford, in black, with a sable cape, was in a box with Lady Hope, also dressed in black.

Lady Castlereagh, who was in the stalls, had a sable cape over her aubergine cloth costume, worn with a toque to match. Lady Anglesey was dressed in pale duck's egg blue with sables, and came with Mrs. Guy Chetwynd, wearing purple. Lady Romney, in black with violets in her toque, was in the stalls, and Mrs. Chaine was also dressed in black.

Lady Troubridge, dressed in brown, with a deep collar of Irish lace, was in a box during the play, and at the close, in response to the repeated calls, appeared to acknowledge the reception accorded to her brilliant work.

This Evening's Doings.

Princess Louise Augusta of Schleswig-Holstein, with Mr. Alexander Yorke in attendance, was in a box at His Majesty's Theatre to-night.

Sir Thomas Sutherland was entertaining a large party at the Carlton Hotel, where, amongst many others to be seen, were Lady Erroll, wearing some lovely pearls, and Mrs. Kinnaird, in a black gown trimmed with old Brussels lace.

SOCIAL CHIT-CHAT.

When their Majesties entertain a house party at Sandringham the Royal Family never appear at breakfast, but at ten o'clock the King, followed by his loader, who, by a strange coincidence, is a Mr. Prince, leads the way to the "shoot." Luncheon is usually served at a cottage named "Folly," and the party return to the Hall in time for afternoon tea, for which seats are placed round a large table. Dinner is generally served at home, and their Majesties do not sit at either end of the table, but at the side, facing one another.

Every day at five o'clock at Sandringham, the Queen's grand-children come across the grounds from York Lodge to the Hall to see her, and they always spend a happy hour chatting and playing with their grandmother, to whom they are all devoted.

Sir Bache and Lady Cunard are entertaining a small party at Nevill Holt, their

Leicestershire place, this week, and their guests include Lord and Lady De Ramsey, Lord Clarendon, Lady Naylor-Layland, Lady Dufferin, and Mrs. Edward Burke.

Gossip is to be very gay this Christmas, Lord and Lady Howe having invited a large number of friends to stay with them over the new year. Lady Howe has a genius for inventing original forms of amusement, and the costume ball she has now under consideration will be a unique thing of its kind. There are also to be amateur theatricals at Gossall.

Mrs. McCalmont is making a good recovery after her serious operation, and early in the new year she hopes to leave England for the Riviera, when she will be accompanied by Lord and Lady Vivian.

Lady de Trafford has made her new house in Charles-street very charming, and Sir Humphrey will remain there till he is well enough to go abroad. Lady de Trafford has very original ideas in dress; her name is Violet, and she not only often wears sprays of these flowers, but has many of her dresses made in that colour, and instead of a tiara she generally wears a becoming little diamond crown.

Lord and Lady Dartrey and Lady Edith Dawson, as well as Captain and Mrs. Mervyn Manningham-Buller, are this week on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Smith at Compton-Verney, Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke's beautiful country place in Warwickshire, which Mr. Herbert Smith has taken for some time. Amongst their neighbours there this winter are Mr. and Mrs. Mervyn Wingfield (the former the eldest son and heir of Lord and Lady Powerscourt), who have taken a house there for the hunting season.

Many well-known women nowadays are turning their attention to farming, and Lady Chesterfield, who delights in country pursuits, and spends a great part of the year at Holme Lacy, has started a chicken farm of her own, and is able to supply her London friends with fine fat chickens.

Miss Nelly Rowe has gone to Berlin for the next two months, to stay with Frau von Meister, who, as Miss Leila Trapmann, was so well known in London for her good looks and charming voice. Miss Rowe is certainly one of the most successful voice producers we have in England.

She is Australian, and like her great compatriot, Madame Melba, a pupil of Marchesi. Amongst a few of her pupils are Lady Sybil Smith, Lady Dufferin, Miss Toupie Lowther, Miss Kelly, Mrs. Claude Ponsonby, Miss Viola Tree, and Mrs. George Marjoribanks.

Constance Lady De La Warr has let her house in Lennox Gardens, and intends to spend most of the winter in the south of France with her two unmarried daughters.

During the next six weeks there will be a succession of shooting parties at Lambton Castle, where Lady Anne Lambton acts as hostess for her brother. She is one of the women who may be termed "ideal sisters," and is of as much importance in Lord Durham's ménage as is Miss Balfour in the life of her statesman brother.

Lady Ileene Campbell, who is rapidly recovering from the effects of her motor accident on Wednesday, is a very pretty woman, with a charming personality and bright, genial manner. She and her husband are paying a long visit to their cousins, the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, and Lady Ileene, who is a noted rider to hounds, is often out with the packs near Clumber.

The Dowager Lady Kintore and her daughter, Lady Maud Keith-Falconer, are very rarely in London nowadays, except when they drive up of an afternoon from Wimbledon. Lady Kintore is still anything but strong, and the quiet and bracing air of that district exactly suits her. Oak Lea, where she resides, is a small place, but it commands lovely views, and it has an interest of its own, as for some time Jenny Lind, the unrivalled songstress, lived there.

FASHIONABLE ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Miss Florrie M. M. Pilkington has had the honour of submitting her Danish sketches to her Majesty Queen Alexandra, who was very interested in them.

Mr. and Mrs. John A. Jameson have arrived at 44, Cadogan-place, which they have taken on a lease of several years.

The Lord Mayor, on the afternoon of the 9th inst., will unveil the bust of Chaucer, by Mr. Frampton, R.A., which Alderman Sir Reginald Hanson has presented to the Corporation of London for their art gallery at Guildhall.

The Lady Mayoress will distribute, on the 11th inst., the prizes gained by members of the City Police Athletic Club during the season. The ceremony will take place at the Mansion House, the Lord Mayor presiding.

The marriage which has been arranged between Mr. Stephen Cooper and Mr. Arthur Levita will take place on the 19th inst. at St. George's, Hanover-square.

All announcements duly authenticated for insertion in this column to be addressed to the Social Editor, "Daily Mirror" Office, 2, Carmelite-street, E.C.



Big social events in clubland seem to be retreating in favour of small luncheon and dinner parties, which every day become more and more numerous.

Ladies' Army and Navy.

The second heat of the billiard challenge handicap, which is being played at their clubhouse by the members of the Ladies' Army and Navy Club, is nearly over, and the finals are fixed to be played on the 12th of this month. Mrs. Grove, one of the competitors for the cup and honours, roused great enthusiasm the other day by making a splendid break of sixty-two in her match. Lady Taubman Goldie and her daughter are staying at the club, as is also Lady Margaret Jenkins, and among other interesting people seen dining at the club this week was Lady Edward Spencer-Churchill, as the guest of Lady Lacon.

Ladies' Athenaeum.

Madame Curie, the discoverer of radium, who has just been on a visit to England, has been invited to become a member of the Ladies' Athenaeum Club. Several other notable members of the scientific world already being enrolled, this new club is likely to form a nucleus of interesting scientific women. Among the women who have travelled greatly and have joined the club is Mrs. Isabella Bishop, who is an honorary member of the Oriental Society of Pekin, and who wrote "Six Months in the Sandwich Islands," "A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains," "Among the Thibetans," etc., beside which Mrs. Bishop has travelled extensively in Korea, Siberia, and China. Lady Battersea, Lady Alice Stanley, and Lady Clifford of Chudleigh, who is a clever amateur actress, are also among the new members of the club.

Imperial and Colonial.

Although it has not yet been decided, it is probable that the Imperial and Colonial Club, which is quickly forming, and has offices in Dover-street, will also include women, adding another to the "mixed" clubs like the "Sesame" and the "Albemarle," etc.

The Sesame.

Mr. Ebenezer Howard has been interesting the members and guests at the Sesame Club this week about "Garden Cities." On Monday evening "Practical Socialism, its Meaning and Effect" is to be put before them by Mr. Herbert Burrows, after which a discussion will follow.

Ladies' Military and Naval.

The limit for the founding members of the "Ladies' Military and Naval Club" has almost been reached. The very exclusive nature of this smart club has drawn into clubland many of the leading members of society who have never before been induced to enter its precincts.

DEATH OF A VETERAN EARL.

It does not frequently fall to the lot of any man to live for eighty years without an illness, but this may fairly be said of Lord Stair, who died yesterday at the advanced age of eighty-four.

Lord Stair was at Harrow when George IV. died, and one of the first Army commissions that the late Queen Victoria signed on coming to the throne was the one that made him an ensign in the Scots Guards.

The Stair earldom is a particularly interesting one; the first Earl obtained his through the unhappy Glencoe massacre; but the legend runs that with the title came a curse that no Earl in future would have three sons till the sins of the first Earl were expiated. To show his unbelief in this curse the latter tied up certain properties that could only pass to a third son. It is curious that though the late Lord Stair was the tenth Earl, he was the only one who had three or more sons, and it was his third son who inherited all this accumulated property.

Another story of interest attached to the Stair family is through the second Earl, who, with one other, was created a Knight Banneret by George II. on the battlefield at Selkirk. The last time on record that title has ever been bestowed.

Lord Stair's eldest son, Lord Dalrymple, born in 1848, succeeds to the title. He married, in 1878, a daughter of Sir James Grant-Suttie, and has one son and two daughters.

WEATHER AT THE WINTER RESORTS.

We have received the following reports from our special correspondents:—

Blarritz.—Fair; cold; maximum, 38; minimum, 28.

Cairo.—Sunny; morning temperature, 51; afternoon, 70.

Cannes.—Eight hours' sunshine; three degrees frost at night.

Naples.—Cloudy; maximum 56.

Nice.—North-west wind; maximum, 46; minimum, 30.

NAVAL AND MILITARY.

Captain George M. P. Hawthorn, King's Liverpool Regiment, has been appointed second in command of the 1st King's African Rifles, with the local rank of Major.

The prize given by the King (value £20) for competition by the H.A.C., of which regiment His Majesty is Captain-General and Colonel, has been won by Bombardier D. Cooks, with 155 points.

BRIGHTON JUST NOW.

SOCIETY AGITATED BY POLITICS.

This is the most curious winter season Brighton has had in recent years. The town is very full, scarcely one of the great mansions is empty, the hotels and high-class boarding-houses have nothing to complain of; on fine days almost every other person one meets on the front is of some social distinction, and daily, before and after luncheon, there are processions of splendid carriages from St. Aubyn's in the west to Black Rock in the east.

A long list of titled visitors might be made, and many others are distinguished in art, science, literature, and the professions. Brighton, indeed, has seldom enjoyed a more prosperous season; and yet, regarded socially, the town is singularly quiet.

There has not yet been a single ball of any note at the Royal Pavilion or Clarence Rooms, although several are being arranged; all the bazaars, with one exception, have been on a small parochial scale; there is much private hospitality, but no social function of outstanding brilliancy has taken place. Still, Brighton is very gay, and at times quite excited.

A Tardy Resignation.

It is in the throes of a peculiar, in some ways unique, political situation, in which well-known ladies are actively concerning themselves. For three or four years the Parliamentary borough (which comprehends Brighton, Hove, and Preston) has had practically only one representative in the House of Commons, Mr. Gerald Loder, whose colleague, Captain Bruce Vernon-Wentworth, has been unable to attend to his political duties through ill-health.

About six months ago he placed his resignation in the hands of the local Conservative Executive, to take effect at the general election, and Sir Edward Clarke, K.C., was accepted as his prospective successor. The Liberals, at the same time, secured Mr. Ernest Villiers and Mr. E. A. Ridsdale as their candidates, and these active young men, apparently under the impression that a vacancy would soon occur, began to make love to the electors. Time went on; Captain Vernon-Wentworth remained a Member in name only; and now the Liberals—eager to force a bye-election, in the belief that they will have a better chance of defeating Sir Edward Clarke if he stands alone, than they could possibly have were he to contest the borough in conjunction with Mr. Loder, who is extremely popular—are going to get up a huge petition with a view to compelling Captain Vernon-Wentworth to accept the Chiltern Hundreds.

The Orators' Opportunity.

This has brought out Mr. Loder and Sir Edward Clarke, who have addressed several great meetings; Mr. Villiers and Mr. Ridsdale are also speaking frequently; the local Press is full of angry political letters; and the town has every appearance of being in the turmoil of a bye-election, a remarkable feature of which is the very energetic part ladies are taking in the fray.

Lady Louisa Loder and Lady Clarke are on the platforms at all the Conservative meetings; Mrs. Villiers (who is a daughter of Lord and Lady Wimbome) and Mrs. Ridsdale are even more busily engaged on the other side; while Lord and Lady Brassey have held a "political at home" at the Royal Pavilion in the Liberal interest.

Mrs. Ridsdale began to make speeches; Mrs. Hitchens (the dame president of the powerful Brighton Dames Habitation of the Primrose League), Mrs. Graham—both wives of distinguished military officers—and other Conservative ladies followed suit; and so it comes to pass that society in Brighton is just now agitating itself not over social functions, but over the Fiscal problem and the Education Act!



FRIDAY, DECEMBER 4.

"The power of thought—the magic of the mind."
—Byron.

Many happy returns to:—
Lady Powerscourt.
Miss Averil Vivian.

Lord St. John.
Lord Foley.

Lady Powerscourt is the eldest of Lord Leicester's six surviving daughters by his first marriage, the others being Lady Dunmore, Lady Dartmouth, Winifred Lady Leitrim, Lady Belper, and Lady Lichfield. She is married to a representative Irish peer, and they have two sons, the elder of whom has lately married, and three daughters.

Miss Averil Vivian is a daughter of Lady Swansea and sister of Miss Alberta and Miss Alexander Vivian, named after the King and Queen, known as "the other Vivian twins" in contradistinction to Miss Violet and Miss Dorothy Vivian, the twin sisters of Lord Vivian and Maids-of-Honour to the Queen.

Lord and Lady Talbot de Malahide have returned to Malahide Castle, near Dublin, where they will remain for Christmas. Lady Talbot (who was the wealthy Mrs. Gurney) is quite devoted to her new home, and has furnished as a boudoir one of the rooms at the top of a turret, commanding a charming view,

AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET. COUSIN KATE.
 Preceded at 8.30 by SHADES OF NIGHT.
 MATINEE WEDNESDAYS AND SATURDAYS, at 2.30.

HIS MAJESTY'S. MR. TREE.
 TO-NIGHT AND EVERY EVENING, at 8.15.

(LAST WEEKS) Shakespeare's KING RICHARD II. (LAST WEEKS) Shakespeare's KING RICHARD II. (LAST WEEKS) Shakespeare's KING RICHARD II.

MATINEE TO-MORROW AND EVERY SATURDAY, 2.15.
 Box office (Mr. F. J. Turner), ten to ten—HIS MAJESTY'S.

IMPERIAL THEATRE. LEWIS WALLER.
 TO-NIGHT AND EVERY EVENING, at 8.30.

MATINEE TO-MORROW AND EVERY SATURDAY, 2.30.
 SPECIAL MATINEE WEDNESDAY NEXT, Dec. 9.
 Box office open 10 to 10. IMPERIAL.

COURT THEATRE. Mr. J. H. LEIGH.
 Last night of THE TEMPEST.
 Every day at 2.30. 59 Evening Representations except 50th performance and Souvenir Night, TO-MORROW.
 Box Office 10 to 10. Telephone, 5024, Westminster.

SHAFTESBURY. Lessee, Geo. Musgrove.
 WILLIAMS AND WALKER. IN DAHOMEY.
 The only first class walk.
 MATINEES WED. and SAT. 2.15. NIGHTLY, 8.15.

MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER—AUTUMN TOUR—THIS WEEK, BOROUGH THEATRE, STRATFORD. The run of OLD HEDELBERG will be resumed at the ST. JAMES'S ON MONDAY, January 25.

PERSONAL.

SILVER and JEWELS bought for cash—Cathpole and Williams, 510 Oxford-street London, W. are prepared to purchase second hand plate and jewels to any amount. Articles sent from the country receive immediate attention.

EARLY retire: early rise; use "Hinde's Curlers"; thus you're wise.

SEBEG'S HAIR DYE. — "Twin sister to nature." Undetectable.

HINDE'S HAIR BIND, 6d. Essential new style culture.

LOST AND FOUND.

10s. REWARD.—Lost, on Thursday evening, between Regent-street and Park-street, a gold watch, with enamel swan.—To be brought to 101, Park-street, W.

21 REWARD.—Lost, between Sloane and Walcott streets, Thursday last, gold Geneva watch in strap—Apply 17, Victoria-square, S.W.

INEXPENSIVE FUMIGATED OAK

FURNITURE.

BEDROOM AND DINING-ROOM.

One of the Largest Stocks in London.

NEW CATALOGUE JUST ISSUED.

WILLIAM SPRIGGS AND CO. (LTD.).

238, 239, 240, 241, TOTTENHAM-COURT-ROAD, W.

LA MAISON MAYER.

UNIQUE SALE

of

MODEL COSTUMES,

BLOUSES, and COATS.

at

THE HOTEL GREAT CENTRAL

(THE RED ROOM).

MARLBOROUGH-ROAD, N.W.

WILL CONCLUDE TO-DAY at 5 o'clock.

As everything must be sold still further reductions will be made.

COMMENCING at 10 a.m.

BIRTHS.

BEST.—On the 1st inst., at Stoney Lane House, Bromsgrove, the wife of Gerald D. Best, of a son.

COOK.—On Nov. 20, at Rathedmond, Sligo, Ireland, the wife of A. C. Cook, of a son.

DAVIDSON.—On Dec. 1, at Southfield, Herts, Surrey, the wife of R. Davidson, of a son.

LOYD.—On Nov. 30, at Dina House, Brecon, the wife of J. Conway Lloyd, of a daughter.

LVS.—On Nov. 30, at Bere Regis, Wareham, the wife of George Lvs., of a daughter.

TERRY.—On Nov. 28, at Hewett, near Bury St. Edmunds, the wife of Ernest Terry, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

CONANT—GILL.—On Dec. 2, at St. Paul's, Portman-square, Eric Edward Wake Conant, eldest son of Henry T. Conant, the Manor House, Grafton Regis, to Irene Cecile Fleming, eldest daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Fleming G. Gill, late Royal Artillery, of Wraybury, Bucks, and Montpellier, France.

MEYER—MEYER.—On Dec. 1, at the Registrar's, Marlborough, South Kensington, R.W., and at the American Consulate, Leo Meyer, of 49, Marlborough, N.W., son of the late Ah. Meyer and of Mrs. Elise Meyer, of Zurich, Bavaria, to Jeanette, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Moritz Meyer, of San Francisco, California.

WALKER—JACKSON.—On the 1st inst., at Morning-side Parish Church, Edinburgh, by the Very Rev. John Pagan, D.D., Minister of Bothwell, and the Rev. R. H. Fisher, B.D., minister of the parish, Dr. Sydney Robert Walker, of the Uganda Protectorate, youngest son of J. West Walker, of Hurdley House, Spilsby, Lincolnshire, to Marion Douglas, daughter of Thomas Jackson, 7, Etrick-road, Edinburgh.

DEATHS.

BARNES.—On Nov. 29, at 31, St. James-square, Bath, Laura Ellen, daughter of the late Ven. George Barnes, D.D., aged 80 years.

BOYS.—On Dec. 2, after an operation, Susan Mary, wife of George A. Boys, of Park Villa, St. Leonard-on-Sea, aged 60 years, daughter of the late Robert Mitchell, surgeon, of New Cross, No. 10.

DEAN.—On Nov. 27, Edmund Herbert Dean, B.A., Peterhouse, Cambridge, second surviving son of the late Seth Dean, Dewey Hall, Bourne.

INGLIS.—On Dec. 1, at Craigs, New South Wales, Mary, wife of the Hon. James Inglis, formerly Minister of Public Instruction for New South Wales, eldest daughter and last survivor of the family of the late Davidson, Nichol, Esq., of Edinburgh and New South Wales. (By cable).

MUMBY.—On Dec. 1, at Spring Garden Lodge, Gosport, Major Langdon Philip Mumby, R.A.M.C., youngest son of the late Colonel Charles Mumby, in his 43rd year.

ENELGROVE.—On Dec. 2, at 25, Kensington Palace-garden, W., Miss Enelgrove, daughter of the late Enelgrove, and St. Elmo, Torquay, in the 86th year of her age.

NOTICES TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the Daily Mirror are at—

5, CARMELITE STREET, LONDON, E.C.
 The West End Offices of the Daily Mirror are at—
 45 and 46, NEW BOND-STREET, LONDON, W.
 TELEPHONES: 1310 and 1319 Holborn.
 TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "Reflexed," London.
 PARIS OFFICE: 23, Rue Talboux.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

The Daily Mirror is sent direct by post to any part of England at the rate of 11d. a day (which includes postage), payable in advance; or it is sent for one month on receipt of 3s. 9d.; for three months, 9s. 9d.; for six months, 15s. 6d.; or for a year, 30s.

To subscribers abroad the terms are: For three months, 16s. 3d.; for six months, 32s. 6d.; for twelve months, 65s.; payable in advance.

Remittances should be crossed "Barclay and Co.," and made payable to the Manager, Daily Mirror.

To CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editors of the Daily Mirror will be glad to consider contributions, and to accept them upon their being typewritten and accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. Contributions should be addressed plainly to the Editors, The Daily Mirror, 5, Carmelite-street, London, E.C., with the word "Contribution" on the outside envelope. It is imperative that all manuscripts should be the writer's name and address written on the first and last pages of the manuscript, not on fly-leaf only, nor in the letter that may possibly accompany the contribution.

The Daily Mirror.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1903.

TO-DAY'S REFLECTIONS.

A Plea for Politics.

We publish a letter this morning which we would specially commend to the attention of our readers. It proposes that a women's branch of the Tariff Reform League should be formed, so that women could lend their aid—and there can be no doubt but that it would be valuable—to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S campaign. "The fiscal question," says our correspondent, "is one of equally vital importance to women and to men." Indeed, she goes on to suggest that any injury to the industry and trade of a country falls even more heavily upon women than upon men—particularly upon the woman of the artisan class, "who has the same number of mouths to fill and children to clothe whether her husband bring her home £1 or 30s. a week."

Now the Daily Mirror is not a political organ, and we do not intend to preach a sermon with Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S programme for text. That is being done daily by every other newspaper in the country, so even on that ground we are justified in leaving the Fiscal question to be hotly debated elsewhere. But there is room for calm reflection as well as warm debate in connection with this most important campaign into which the foremost statesman of our time has thrown himself with such amazing energy. And it seems to us that women ought to reflect upon our correspondent's suggestion, and upon the questions which are bound up with it, and to try and arrive at some clear view of the points which are at issue.

This is the most momentous political problem that has arisen for more than half a century in the history of this country, and of the Empire to which we belong. There are a number of other matters which will have to be settled one way or the other in our time, over each of which there will be a stiff fight. But we can hardly look forward to any which will equal in the importance of its bearing upon the future of the Empire that upon which the British elector will, in the course of a year or so, be invited to give a decision. Surely, then, it is the duty of all women who consider that their sex is capable of taking an intelligent interest in public affairs to do what they can to bring about a decision in favour of the policy which they believe to be the right one.

Let those who persuade themselves that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is the man to help England to wake up—let them join the women's branch of the Tariff Reform League, which our correspondent proposes, and which indeed at the moment of writing is stated to have been already formed. And if those who come to an opposite conclusion feel inclined to push the view that we are doing very well as we are, let them start a branch of some rival organisation. The great thing is that all women who have a sufficient stock of brains to understand what is at stake should set their minds to work upon the two policies which are before the country. They have no votes to give it is true, but there is no doubt at all that, even without taking any

public part in politics, women may, and often do, influence the results of elections. And we need not labour the point that it is of vital consequence that their influence should be exercised with as much knowledge and judgment as are admitted by their circumstances and the conditions of the case.

The Theory of Presents.

The legal decision by which a lady who had broken off an engagement was declared to be entitled to keep the ring and several other presents which had been given to her, has been hailed in various quarters as a new and important precedent. It is not so. Legally it is, we believe, not new; nor, however gravely it may be regarded in a Court of Law, would it be held of any particular weight in a Court of Love. For the most part, no doubt, the edicts issued from that sacred tribunal would coincide with those of Old Father Antic. But they would be evolved by a wholly different method. Love knows no justice save its own—no equity save what is based upon the perverse but irrefragable pronouncement that "kissing goes by favour."

As regards presents in particular, any girl is, of course, "entitled"—foolish word!—to anything and everything that she wishes to keep. To return presents, under any circumstances, is a matter of sheer generosity and delicacy of feeling on her part. None the less, such is a girl's almost inviolable goodness of heart that she nearly always does return them. At any rate, unfeeling men have so rarely had reason even to think of appealing to their own coarse laws in the matter that this week's case was, as we have seen, mistaken for one of their precious "precedents."

Nor is it to be thought, because girls have created a noble tradition of returning, after the farewell, these trifling trinkets—these rings, and bangles, and "new art" pendants—that they do not prize them. Far from it. There is hardly a woman alive, whatever her age or class, who would not confess to a special weakness for a bit of jewellery. All the more honour to her for forfeiting her treasures so ungrudgingly. All the more shame to the man who is so incapable of understanding her gentle nature that he must needs think in his gross mind either that she does not care, or that she is only recognising some self-devised "right" of his own.

If he only knew what it cost her! If he would only compare her generosity in returning those presents with his in giving them! Why, this very notion that he has a right to the gewgaws shows the kind of feeling that prompted the gift. It was not kindness. It was a selfish, bargaining spirit. He thinks he gives a tawdry thirty-shilling ring in exchange for love!

And that is the fallacy about presents of which the mind of man needs most to be disabused. The average girl is capable enough of appreciating presents. In fact, the prettier the better, and the more the merrier. But in themselves they make no claim upon love. On the contrary, love has far more to do with woman's instinct for sacrifice. In her heart she would rather give than receive. It so happens her lot is for the most part to receive. She bears it with excellent grace. But if one would find whom a woman really loves one must look necessarily among those who bring gifts. It is recorded of the great Duke of Marlborough that never was a man so much in favour with the ladies of the Court. Yet he never gave a present in his life, and he founded his fortune on the presents he received. We do not advise the men of to-day to follow his example. They are not "handsome Jack Churchill's." But, to judge from the case we have quoted, they seem just about as mean.

"LATEST INTELLIGENCE."

"The fashionable skirt of the moment is getting nearer and nearer to the crinoline."—Daily Paper.

My lady has a spider waist.

And time was once when I'd have placed

My arm around it.

But now, alas! 'tis Fashion's whim

That she should wear a crinoline

(The gods confound it!)

So I, forsooth, must be content

To sit outside a battlement

Of steel and fougues.

While—close to me, yet far away—

My lady, debonnaire and gay,

My doom pronounces.

For, 'tis the latest fad of all

That she whom I was wont to call

My very own,

To add a flavour to my kiss

Must get some antiquated miss

For chaperon!

—F. of A.

ON "MONKEY PARADE."

THE FACTORY GIRL'S VIEW OF THE CHAPERON QUESTION.

BY EDWIN PUGH.

SHE had read about them in novelettes, she confessed novelettes were silly, but a girl must amuse herself somehow, sometimes. And there was no other way of spending her leisure that she knew of. A bitterness lurked here. Chaperons? She knew they were old ladies. "Old dowagers" was her phrase. But of their duties, of their place in society, she was profoundly, genuinely ignorant. No one, regarding her puzzled, peevish face, could possibly doubt her sincerity.

She was a factory girl. Not one of those who wear shawls over their heads on week-days, and, on highdays and holidays, high-piled with feathers. No; there are grades. She deemed herself a lady. And I do not say that she was not a lady—except in the conventional sense.

Her birthdays were becoming an annual embarrassment. She was not particularly pretty, or gracious, or clever. When I had told her what a chaperon was she said, very sourly: "I don't need one, then. My face is my chaperon. For the fellows never come near me. Never did."

But she was luckier—or less lucky, as the reader pleases—than many other girls of her class. They are not protected, by lack of comeliness, from the perils of al fresco courtship. The last phrase strikes you as odd perhaps. Let me explain.

Love's Young Dream!

In every suburb of London there are streets known locally as Monkey Parades. On every evening, but especially on Sunday evening, you will find these thoroughfares thronged by crowds of young men and maidens, all bent on the tender dalliance of love. They saunter along, pass and re-pass, ogling one another. They are quite respectably dressed, and not ill-mannered. The youths usually hunt in couples. The girls go in couples also. You will not find many pairs of lovers.

Now the process of introduction is in this wise:

The holder of two youths—usually the handsome—approaches two girls, raises his hat—rather as if he were adjusting it—and says, "May I see you home, miss?" This is the formula. If the girls approve him one replies, "Don't mind. If you like." Thereupon he offers her his arm, leaving his companion to enter into negotiations with the other girl.

They then leave the Monkey Parade for love-pastures more propitious. Usually the two pairs separate. Follow one and you will find that they go straightway to the nearest park or common, or, in default, to some secluded by-way. There they will sit or stand, exchanging the smallest of small talk, the man with his arm wound stolidly about the woman's waist, as if they had known each other for years instead of for an hour. There are only winking stars, or a passing constable, to quiz them. For chaperon they have the moon.

They part—with a kiss. Often they do not meet again; but, oftener, they do. They may "walk out" together every night for weeks and never know each other's surnames. And then they may marry, after all. And be happy. It is not unusual.

Her Only Chance.

Now this was the sort of courtship that my young friend, with only her face for chaperon, had been wearing out her heart for years. Probably she had never looked forward to any other.

She had no brother to introduce the likely male to her; no friends to invite her to their homes. Nor was her case exceptional. These people do not pay calls of ceremony. They neither give dinners nor hold receptions. A "party" once a year is their solitary social effort; and they invite so many to these functions that intimate conversation is impossible, even if it were dreamed of, which it is not.

Love singing, mostly in chorus, and parlour games, qualify by their extravagance the poverty of the rest of the entertainment.

There is, though, the chance of the dancing-rooms—a slender one. For the proprietors of these establishments, having their licences to consider, are hawk-eyed. They keep the two sexes as far apart as the law of gaiety permits. They are the most vigilant and conscientious of chaperons in this station of life.

It is, then, a consideration of these things that impels me to add to this discussion the point of view of the class to whom a chaperon is a thing remote as the inter-stellar spaces. A small point, it may appear. But small points stick in deepest.

A NEW GAME OF CHANCE.

The method of passing their time on the Tube which, during their journey Citywards three City men have adopted, seems to offer a maximum of the excitement that belongs to most games of chance with a minimum of loss.

The game, as related in one of the illustrated weeklies, is this:—

When a seat opposite one of the players becomes vacant that player loses a shilling to the other two at every station until it is filled again; if it remains vacant from Holland Park to the Post Office the player would lose 11s.

During two months one of the players has lost exactly 2s., the other two being 1s. each to the good.

SELF-DEFENCE MADE EASY.

HOW TO MEET A HOOLIGAN'S ATTACK AND UTTERLY DEFEAT HIM.

By EVELYN SHARP.

AM so used to Camilla's crazes that, when she flew into my room and said she was going to learn Jujitsu I merely remarked that I was a little tired of foreign instruments that twanged.

"It isn't an instrument," explained Camilla; "it's the Japanese system of self-defence, and it tells you what to do if anybody attacks you." "But I learned that in the nursery," I said; "all you have to do is to duck your head and butt, and your brother goes down like a nine-pin."

"A Hooligan wouldn't," said Camilla; "and after all the instances we have had of titled ladies being robbed in the street, I think every woman should learn to defend herself. I'm going to begin now, this very minute, and you can come and look on. He's called Professor Uyenishi, and his school is at 31, Golden-square."

"Isn't he the Japanese wrestler," I began, "who—"

"Yes," said Camilla, "he is; but he wants to start a class for ladies as well; and I'm sure women need more defence than any big, muscular man, so I'm going to try."

Camilla's arguments are sometimes apt to get mixed!

Simple in Theory.

The Japanese school of self-defence is an empty room, carpeted with thick, padded matting, which is at once clean, springy, and soft to fall upon. We felt this last characteristic was necessary when we saw how the Professor and his brother instructor, a still smaller Jap than himself, began to throw each other; but, as they explained to us, the more noise they made in falling, the less they were hurt, since, by falling with a thwack upon the whole of the forearm, all danger of injury was avoided.

The first thing they showed us was one of the many methods of warding off a frontal attack. The Hooligan, we will suppose, rushes at you with his fist outstretched, but before he has time to punch your head, you fling up your left hand as a guard, not clenched, but with stiffened fingers; you then close the fingers over his wrist, bring up your right hand against his shoulder, place your right leg behind his, and, by a perfect adjustment of your weight, you are then able to fling him over your shoulder with scarcely any expenditure of strength.

At least, that is what happened when our instructors did it; but when Camilla, in a smart gymnastic costume, played the titled lady strolling down the East End, and Professor Uyenishi, with apologies, threatened her with his fist, it took her five minutes, and a good deal of assistance from the hooligan, to land him softly on his back; and the titled lady was heard to exclaim, "Oh, I'm so sorry; did I hurt you?"

It says much for the method, however, that after one or two trials, Camilla, to her great surprise, threw him with very little assistance from herself.

Another way of meeting your assailant's fist is to encircle it with your arms, clapping your hands round it in a particular way which makes him powerless. The hooligan met in this way would be thrown on his face, when a dexterous twist of his arm would dislocate his shoulder, and the titled lady, like an

avenging deity, would then place her foot upon his forearm and yell for the police.

Of course, as our Professor told us, "if you put all your strength in your arms and upper part, and leave your legs strengthless, your adversary, he upset your balance and throw you. But if you use all your body weight, he cannot throw you, if you be four times so big and strengthened as he is."

"Isn't it beautiful," murmured Camilla, "to

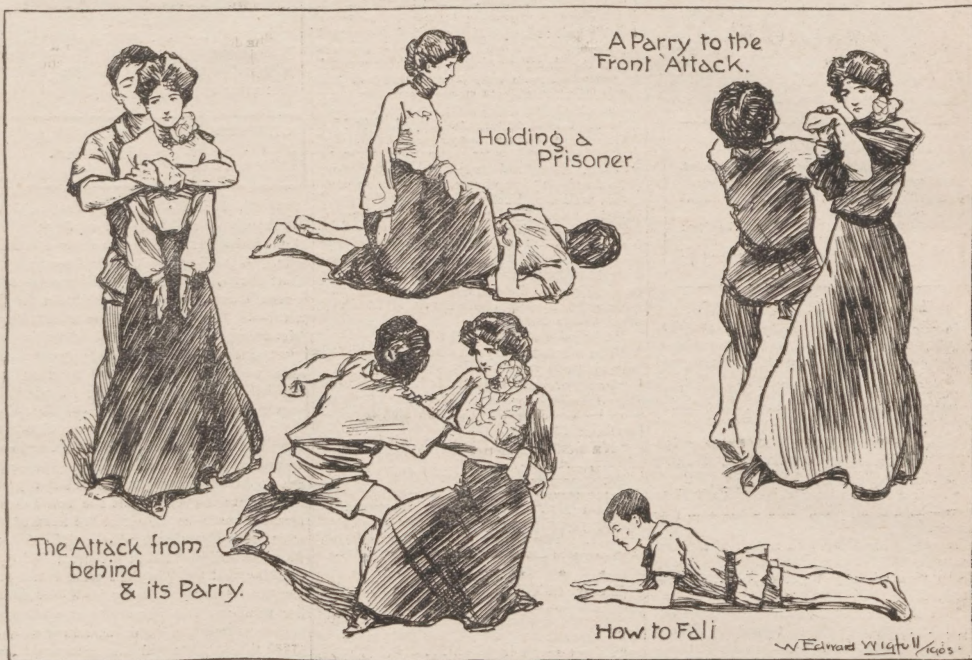
IDLENESS THE SIN OF THE AGE.

Some most outspoken words on the subject of distress and the unemployed are attributed to Canon Keating, of the Southwark Roman Catholic Cathedral. He says, after eighteen years experience, he is convinced that people are out of work because they do not want to work. "The average labouring man in London

to say something, but he merely looked at the visitor, put his hand through the bars, and waved a sorrowful farewell. He is silent, but polite.

Slowly he crawled back to bed again, snuggled into his blanket and settled down for the night.

"He's lively enough in the early morning," said the keeper, "but, like all orangs, he goes to bed early." The gibbon, on the con-



A few lessons in the Japanese Art of Self Defence at the London School where a class is being formed for women.

think that after ten lessons I shall be able to toss Willie over my head quite easily?"

Willie being about fourteen stone, I refrained from comment!

Another trick showed the way to throw an "adversaire" who flings his arms round you from behind. You instantly contract your chest by turning your elbows inwards, slip down and escape, proceeding then as in the frontal attack. Or you may slip down on one knee, preserving the balance by stretching the other one straight out along the ground, and throw your assailant over your shoulder by putting one hand on his wrist and the other against his leg.

This trick pleased Camilla particularly. "It's nice to know what to do when he comes into the room on tiptoe and surprises you from behind," I heard her murmuring to herself.

These were only a few of the tricks shown us by Professor Uyenishi, and they made it quite clear that since balance and agility count far more than size and strength, Jujitsu is a system of physical culture well adapted to women—even if they are not titled ladies, and subject to constant attacks from the Hooligan.

would like to work an hour or two a day, but not longer, and if he could live without earning money he would not work at all.

"The crying sin of the age is idleness, and these people would rather be half-starved all the year round than stick to any honest labour. It is not the educated class which is idle. The merchant, the stockbroker, and the professional man all have to work very

trary, is as active as his namesake, the author of the "Decline and Fall."

"They haven't fought yet," said the keeper, "but when they do I pity the historian. Orangurs can bite."

A CASE OF "PERSONAL EQUATION."

The stop-watch, which is so frequently employed against motor-cars, was yesterday, described as a "police fetish." The phrase was used by the defending solicitor in a charge against a motorist at Marlborough-street Police Court of exceeding the speed limit of twelve miles in Hyde Park.

The speed was taken over a measured furlong. A constable gave the signal at the beginning of the furlong to another officer,



ADMIRAL SIR HENRY STEPHENSON, who is an extra Equerry to the King, has had a distinguished career in the Navy, and was Commander of the Channel Squadron, 1897 and 1898. (Photo by Russell & Syme.)

hard indeed, but the labouring class wants to do nothing. I very seldom come across a man with a trade who is out of employment."

The Canon adds that discharged soldiers will not work, and he thinks matters should not be made easy for this class. Miss Marie Corelli and other writers preach that pain is a thing to be avoided and done away with, but they have their value on earth, and incline people to work. It is "coddling" which is demoralising the people.

PETER, THE NEW OURANG.

The Gibbon at the Zoo has taken a lodger in the shape of an anthropoid ape, Peter, an ourang from Borneo.

Yesterday he tried to show him off to our reporter, but Peter, "the little red man of the woods," only drew his blanket closer and refused to budge. He was sleepy, and it was cold.

"Come on, old chap, the lady is going to put you in the paper," said the keeper, coming to the gibbon's assistance. Peter reluctantly quitted his blanket, put his great hand in the keeper's, and came forward.

That incarnation of curiosity and activity, the gibbon, swung himself down a rope and stood by his guest. The ourang was expected



MRS. WILLIAM KEPPEL, who marries Admiral Sir Henry Stephenson to-morrow, is a sister of Lord Saltoun, and the widow of Colonel William Keppel, of Lexham Hall, Swaffham. (Photo by Annie Hughes.)

and then started his watch. When the furlong was completed the second officer made a signal and the watch was stopped. A speed of twenty-four miles an hour was thus arrived at. Lieut.-Col. Maxse, of the Coldstream Guards, gave evidence that the car was going slowly.

Mr. Horace Smith, the magistrate, said he had had some experience of stop-watches in his younger days when boating on the Cam, and the prejudice of the person holding the watch sometimes had a good deal to do with the result. He dismissed the summons.



THE LATEST ARRIVAL AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS. Peter, the silent and polite Ourang from Borneo, in the cage of his host, the Gibbon.



Double Harness

By Anthony Hope



DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

TOM COURTLAND: A man unhappily married.
GRANTLEY IMASON: A young man in love.
SIBYLLA CHIDDINGFOLD: Grantley Imason's fiancée.
JEREMY CHIDDINGFOLD: Sibylla's brother; a hater of matrimony.
MUMPLES: A nurse—housekeeper—companion.

HOW THE STORY OPENS.

In case there are a few readers who missed the first instalments of Mr. Anthony Hope's new story, we give once more a synopsis of the opening chapters.

Scene.—The high swelling downs, near Mildean village. In the distance the gleam of the sea.

Tom Courtland and his host, Grantley Imason, were lounging on the turf, chatting lazily.

"What a bore to leave this and go back to town—back to my wife," said Courtland, presently.

Imason glanced up with a look of satirical amusement. "You're encouraging company for a man who's just got engaged," he remarked.

"It's the devil of a business," said Courtland. " . . . and no end to it—none in sight! I don't know whether it's legal cruelty to throw library books and so on at your husband's head."

"Depends on whether you ever hit him, I should think, and they'd probably conclude a woman never would," said Grantley.

"But what an ass I should look if I went into court with that sort of story!"

"Yes, you would look an ass," Grantley agreed. "Doesn't she give you—well, any other chance, you know?"

"Not she! My dear fellow, she's most aggressively the other way."

"Then, why don't you give her a chance?" asked Grantley.

"What! you mean—"

"Am I so very cryptic?" murmured Grantley, as he lit his pipe.

"I'm a Member of Parliament," said Courtland. "Besides there are the children. I don't want my children to think their father is a scoundrel. . . . the children complicate it so. Wait till you have some of your own, Grantley."

"Look here—steady!" Grantley expostulated. "Don't be in such a hurry to give me domestic encumbrances. The bloom's still on my romance, old chap."

They talked in this strain for a few moments and then strolled down to the village, where they passed the creeper-clad house which was the home of Grantley's fiancée Sibylla.

Outside the little post office the two men met Mr. Jeremy Chiddingfold, Sibylla's brother, who expressed his hatred of marriage. "It's an invention of the priests," he said heatedly, and the conversation turning from the general to the particular, he volunteered the information that his sister Sibylla had "the device of a temper," and told of her quarrels with Mumples (an old woman described as a nurse-housekeeper-companion).

When Jeremy left them Courtland, the much-married, turned to Grantley and said, "I wonder how you are going to manage Miss Sibylla?"

Grantley laughed easily.

* * *

The next afternoon found Grantley cantering over the downs towards Fairhaven. Presently he saw Sibylla. He touched his horse with the spur, and galloped towards her.

"When we're married, Grantley," she said, "you shall give me a horse, such a good horse, such a fast horse—as good and as fast as dear old Rollo. And we'll ride—we'll ride together—oh, so far and so fast against the wind, right against it breathlessly! We'll mark the setting sun, and we'll ride straight for it never stopping, never turning. We'll ride straight into the gold, both of us together, and let the gold swallow us up."

She begged him to let her ride behind him and "set her foot lightly on his."

"My arm round your waist," she cried. "Why, I'm splendid here. Gallop, Grantley, gallop! Think somebody's pursuing us and trying to take me away."

Now and then he cried something back to her as they rode; but for the most part he knew only her arm about him, the strands of her hair brushing against his cheek as the wind played with them, her short, quick breathing behind him. The powerful horse seemed to join in the revel, so strong and easy

was his gait as he playfully pulled and tossed his head.

Her breath came quicker, faster; he seemed to see her bosom rising and falling in the stress. But he did not stop. Again her voice came, strangled and faint:

"I can't bear any more. Stop! Stop!"

One more wild rush, and he obeyed. He was quivering all over when they came to a stand. Her hold round him grew loose; she was about to slip down. He turned round in his saddle and caught her about the waist with his arm. He drew her off the horse and forward to his side. He held her thus with his arm, exulting in the struggle of his muscles. He held her close against him and kissed her face. When he let her go and she reached earth, she sank on the ground and covered her face with both hands, all her body shaken with her gasps.

He heard a short, stifled sob.

"You are not angry with me?" he said. "I was rough to you?"

"I angry? You rough? It has been more than I knew happiness could be. I had no idea joy could be like that, no idea life had anything like that."

"It's given us something to look back upon always," he said.

When Sibylla returned home Mumples told her the tragic story of her unfortunate husband—a man who had been sentenced to twenty years penal servitude for attempted murder. The dreary tale irritated Sibylla, who was still dreaming of her own romance.

* * * * *

Jeremy Chiddingfold called at Grantley Imason's house in London.

"By jove, you are snug here!" he exclaimed as he entered.

"I don't rough it unless I'm obliged," said Grantley smiling. "But I can rough it. I once lived for a week on sixpence a day. I had a row with my governor. He wanted me to give up—Well, never mind details. It's enough to observe, Jeremy, that he was quite right and I was quite wrong. I know that now, and I rather fancy I knew it then. However, his way of putting it offended me, and I flung myself out of the house with three-and-six in my pocket. Like the man in Scripture, I couldn't work and I wouldn't beg, and I wouldn't go back to the governor. So it was sixpence a day for a week and very airy lodgings. Then it was going to the recruiting-sergeant; but, as luck would have it, I met the dear old man on the way. I suppose I looked a scarecrow; anyhow, he was broken up about it, and killed the fatted calf—killed it for an unrepentant prodigal. And I could do that again, though I may live in a boudoir."

The two men discussed the tragedy of Mumples, Grantley making cynical comments.

When Jeremy returned to Mildean he found Sibylla waiting at the gate for him.

"I simply couldn't go to bed!" she said. "I've had such a day, Jeremy, and my head's full of it. And on the top of it came what poor Mumples told us; and—and you can guess how that chimed in with what I must be thinking."

Jeremy's first concern was to banish emotion and relieve the tension. He turned to Mrs. Mumples's story, once more to expose it to an interpretation of the worldly and cynical order.

Sibylla heard him through in silence, her eyes fixed on him in a regard, grave at first, becoming, as he went on, almost frightened.

CHAPTER III. (continued).

"DO ideas like that come into men's minds?" she asked at the end. She did not suspect that the idea had not been her brother's own in the beginning. "I think it's a horrible idea."

"Oh, you're so high-falutin'!" he laughed, glad, perhaps, to have shocked her a little.

She came up to him and touched his arm imploringly.

"Forget it," she urged. "Never think about it again. Oh, remember how much, how terribly she loves him! Don't have such ideas." She drew back a little. "I think—I think it's almost—devilish: I mean, to imagine that, to suspect that, without any reason. Yes—devilish!"

That hit Jeremy; it was more than he wanted.

"Devilish? You call it devilish? Why, it was—" He had been about to lay the idea to its true father-mind; but he did not. He looked at his sister again. "Well, I'm sorry," he grumbled. "It only struck me as rather funny."

Sibylla's wrath vanished.

"It's just because you know nothing about it that you could think such a thing, poor boy!" said she.

It became clearer still that Grantley must not be brought in, because the only explanation which mitigated Jeremy's offence could

not help Grantley. Jeremy was loyal here, whatever he may have been to Mrs. Mumples. He kept Grantley out of it. But—devilish! What vehement language for the girl to use!

CHAPTER IV.

Initiation.

MRS. RAYMORE was giving a little dinner at her house in Buckingham Gate, in honour of Grantley Imason and his wife. They had made their honeymoon a short one, and were now in Sloane-street for a month before settling at Mildean for the autumn. The gathering was of Grantley's friends, one of the sets with whom he had spent much of his time in bachelor days. The men were old-time friends; as they had married, the wives had become his acquaintances, too—in some cases (as in Mrs. Raymore's) more than mere acquaintances. They had all been interested in him, and consequently were curious about his wife—critical, no doubt, but prepared to be friendly and to take her into the set, if she would come. Mrs. Raymore, as she sat at the head of her table, with Grantley by her and Sibylla on Raymore's right hand at the other end, was thinking that they, in their turn, might reasonably interest the young bride—might set her thinking, and encourage or discourage her, according to the conclusions she came to about them. She and Raymore would bear scrutiny well, as things went. There was a very steady and affectionate friendship between them; they lived comfortably together, and had brought up their children—a boy and a girl—successfully and without friction. Raymore—a tall man with a reddish face and deliberate of speech—was always patient and reasonable. He had never been very impassioned; there had not been much to lose of what is most easily lost. He might have had a few more intellectual tastes, perhaps, and a keener interest in things outside his business; but she had her own friends, and on the whole there was little to complain of.

Then came the Fanshaws—John and Christine. He was on the Stock Exchange; she, a dainty, pretty woman, given up to Society and to being very well dressed, but pleasant, kind, and clever in a light sort of way. They liked to entertain a good deal, and got through a lot of money. When Fanshaw was making plenty, and Christine had plenty to spend, things went smoothly enough. In bad times there was trouble, each thinking that retrenchment could best be practised by the other and in regard to the expenses to which the other was addicted: it was, for instance, the stables against the dressmaker then. The happiness of the household depended largely on the state of the markets—a thing which it might interest Mrs. Grantley Imason to hear.

Next came the Selfords—Richard and Janet. He was a rather small, frail man, of private means, a dabbler in art. She was artistic, too, or would have told you so, and fond of exotic dogs, which she imported from far-off places, and which usually died soon. They were a gushing pair, both towards one another and towards the outside world; almost aggressively affectionate in public. "Trying to humbug everybody," Tom Courtland used to say; but that was too sweeping a view. Their excessive amiability was the result of their frequent quarrels—or rather tiffs, since quarrel is perhaps an over-vigorous word. They were always either concealing the existence of a tiff or making one up, reconciling themselves with a good deal of display. Everybody knew this, thanks in part to their sharp-eyed, sharp-tongued daughter Anna, a girl of sixteen, who knew all about the tiffs and could always be got to talk about them.

The last pair were the Courtlands themselves. All the set was rather afraid of Lady Harriet. She was a tall, handsome, fair woman, still young; she patronised them rather, but was generally affable and agreeable when nothing occurred to upset her. Tom Courtland grew more depressed, heavy, and weary every day. A crisis was expected—but Lady Harriet's small-talk did not suffer. Mrs. Raymore thought that the less Grantley's wife saw or knew of that household the better. The party was completed by Suzette Bligh,

a girl pretty in a faded sort of way, not quite so young as she tried to look, and, in Mrs. Raymore's opinion, quite likely not to marry at all; and, finally, by young Blake, Walter Dudley Blake, a favourite of hers and of many other people's, known as a climber of mountains and a shooter of rare game in his energetic days; suspected of enjoying life somewhat to excess and with riotous revelry in his seasons of leisure; impetuous, chivalrous, impulsive, and notably good-looking. Mrs. Raymore had put him on Sibylla's right—in case her husband should not prove amusing to the honoured guest.

On the whole, she thought, they ought not to frighten Sibylla much. There was one terrible example—the Courtlands; but when it comes to throwing things about, the case is admittedly abnormal. For the rest they seemed, to the student of matrimony, fair average samples of a bulk of fair average merit. Perhaps there might have been an ideal union—just to counter-balance the Courtlands at the other extreme. If such were desirable, let it be hoped that the Imasons themselves would supply it. In regard to one point, she decided the company was really above the average—and that the most important point. There had been rumours once about Christine Fanshaw—indeed, they were still heard sometimes; but scandal had never assailed any other woman there. In these days that was something, thought Mrs. Raymore.

Grantley turned from Christine Fanshaw to his hostess.

"You're very silent. What are you thinking about?" he asked.

"Sibylla's really beautiful, and in a rather unusual way. You might pass her over once; but if you did look once, you'd be sure to look always."

"Another woman's looks have kept your attention all this time?"

"Your wife's," she reminded him with an affectionately friendly glance. "And I was wondering what she thought of us all, what we all look like in those pondering, thoughtful, questioning eyes of hers."

"Her eyes do ask questions, don't they?" laughed Grantley.

"Many, many, and must have answers, I should think. And don't they expect good answers?"

"Oh, she's not really at all alarming!"

"You can make the eyes say something different, I dare say?"

He laughed again very contentedly. Mrs. Raymore's admiration pleased him, since she was not very easy herself to please. He was glad she approved of Sibylla, though as a rule his own opinion was enough for him.

"Well, they aren't always questioning. That would be fatiguing in a wife—really as bad as continually discussing the Arian heresy," as old Johnson says. But I daresay," he lowered his voice, "Lady Harriet would excite a query or two."

"You have told me nothing about Sibylla. I shall have to find it all out for myself."

"That's the only knowledge worth having; and I'm only learning myself still, you know."

"Really! that's an unusually just frame of mind for a husband. I've high hopes of you, Grantley."

"Good! Because you know me uncommonly well."

She thought a moment.

"No, not so very well," she said. "You're hard to know."

He took that as a compliment; probably most people would, since it seems to hint at something rare and out of the common: inaccessibility has an aristocratic flavour.

"Oh, I suppose we all have our fastnesses," he said, with a laugh, which politely waived any claim to superiority without expressly abandoning it.

"Doesn't one give up the key of the gates by marrying?"

"My dear Kate, read your Bluebeard again."

Mrs. Raymore relapsed into the silence that was almost habitual to her, but it passed through her mind that the conversation had soon turned from Sibylla to Grantley himself, or at least had dealt with Sibylla purely in her bearing on Grantley; it had not increased her knowledge of Mrs. Imason as an independent individual.

To be continued.



RAMBLES IN SHOPLAND.

THE OUTSET OF THE CHRISTMAS SEASON.

THERE is every comfort to be found in the reflection that, to the unprejudiced eye of mere man, we Englishwomen appeal as creatures effectively garbed. It was related to me only yesterday by one of the sex, recently returned from a long sojourn in Africa, that the eyes had to be rubbed ere the fact that he was treading Bond-street, and not the

All about Hats.

By MRS. JACK MAY.

played here, together with a similarly successful effort of the tricorné "genre" in white felt draped with white tulle, and surmounted by two lovely black feather pom-poms. And the price again, 25s. 9d., is too tempting to omit. Especially designed to meet the exigencies of some one of the representative skating rink rendezvous is a broad, rather flat, and eminently becoming toque, its crown composed of one large grey bird, the wings and tail tuning off to a soft reddish pink, this set into a turban brim of cream wool yak lace laid over tulle.

Quite charming also is a similar model expressed in mink resting on a line of white ermine, two tiny heads peeping coyly over the face either side, upheld by heavy white silk cords, which are carried carelessly two or three times across the crown in front. For what it is worth, let me say that the simple fur turban, a real turban, "bien entendu," with no frivolous meandering into wide Napoleon styles, holds a peculiar fascination for me. And, given that the present sharp spell lasts, the very fitness of

like ornamental motifs, which, together with the stock ties and strips of appliqué, can be had merely traced and ready for working, with the necessary supply of flax thread. But there is ever a ready stepping with the times at 25, Old Bond-street.

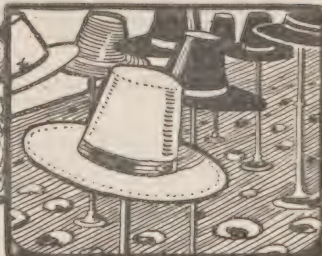
FASHIONS FROM VIENNA.

THE FRESH FUREORE FOR TINSEL FRIVOLITIES.

"ALL that glitters is not gold," but, from the point of view of the "Putzmacherin," all that glitters is just now most desirable, whether its brightness be "echt" or of pinchbeck origin. Sequins and beads of gold and silver sheen, of "Perlmutter" in soft, iridescent hues of crystal, clear and dusky jet—it is impossible to write in sober prose of these sparkling whimsies—are used on evening gowns both high and low, while on hats and frocks for day wear, gold in the form of braid, tassels, and cockades plays a prominent part. When these galons are woven in patterns copied from antique gold lace and artificially robbed of their pristine brilliancy they are undoubtedly of almost magic effect added to a sad coloured suit of brown or grey, but unless put in place by a "feeling" hand, such decorations are apt to result in a garish effect, reminiscent of the footlights.

A Notable Collar.

Appropos of footlights, let me describe some gowns seen among the audience which, in



sprinkled with gold beads and outlined by three shades of soft ribbon, twisted cunningly. Seven rows of gold beads made a collar which fitted the beautifully-moulded neck to perfection.

Cloth to Chiffon.

"Die schöne Blonde" were black silk muslin with heavy patches of jet paillettes about the shoulders and the inevitable full-blown sleeve. Another most fascinating gown, worn by a young bride, was of white "Musselin-chiffon," on which fragile foundation was applied a garniture of white cloth, arranged in wide zigzags on both skirt and corsage. The only relief to the milky whiteness of this toilette was the thread of gold meandering through the coarse lace which formed a yoke, pointed in "V" fashion before and behind. The fastenings of these frivolous confections are always mysteriously invisible, being contrived by means of little "glove-button" knobs. By day, on the contrary, buttons of all sorts and sizes run riot on sleeves and shoulders as well.

The Latest Fad.

It is impossible to write of the moment's modes without coming back again to beads. The inventor of the new "crochet bead work" chose the psychological moment to exhibit her wares, which were on show this week. By means of a very complicated process she has succeeded in producing a bead tapestry in which the beads are actually wrought into the fabric, which is both supple and durable.



An Attractive Tricorné Model in white felt, with black emu pom-poms perched at one side.

Boulevards, became a self-evident fact. And to such praise from Sir Hudibras you may be sure I bowed my best thanks, enjoying meanwhile that inward smile engendered by the conscious possession of a superior knowledge.

For Whom do Women Dress?

With no thought of disputing our splendid modistic progression, yet a few days in the French capital serves to send one home in a dangerously critical spirit. So much so, that during the shortest ramble through the purlieus of Sloane-street and Bond-street—in fact, wherever shopping women most do congregate in town—there are to be met within the space of every few yards women who overdo it, women who underdo it, and women who do not do it at all. The really triumphant and successful mean being still sufficiently rare to be remarkable.

This is the woman's point of view, and, alas, it is one that only serves to throw into deeper, darker mystery the oft discussed question, whether we women dress to please the opposite sex or to arouse curious admiration in our own. Shall I dare confess? No! on reflection, I think not yet. I will away to the safer seclusion of the Grafton Salon, 8, Grafton-street, an atelier presided over by Mesdames Hancock and James, who amiably beguiled me during the ramble, about which I am pleased to write, with some of the newest chapeau models.

Some Smart Millinery.

In response to my opening address, comprising the popular platitude of the hour as to a rapidly diminishing banking account, there was immediately displayed—and to my prompt undoing—the most remarkable guinea toque I have ever been privileged to behold. Manœuvred in mole plush, tastefully and deftly draped, on an admirable shape that sweeps boldly from back to front, and so achieves a singularly successful side view, this carried as sole decorative relief a strange shaded blue bird, ornithologically impossible—which is perhaps to its credit—but wholly delightful.

I am, however, "distract" in omitting to point out that its pictorial presentment is dis-

things will serve to project this vogue into noticeable popularity.

Cunning Xmas Gifts.

But this small personal intrusion is rambling in the wrong direction, whereas it behoves everyone to speedily acquire the knowledge how Messrs. Harris and Son, of linen fame and 25, Old Bond-street, have commenced their annual show of Christmas novelties. A visit there could scarcely fail to satisfactorily supply some good few of the many pressing Christmas wants, and for the benefit of country customers there is supplied an ably compiled and illustrated little brochure.

Truly could no daintier nor more delightful gift be found than the pretty floral morning trays for the early cup of tea, with embroidered cloth and serviette, cup and saucer and plate, or complete service, the price varying, of course, according to the supply. The development in these, taking the form of a violet in realistic mauve wicker work, the shamrock and ivy leaf. A complete novelty, and one most apropos, is found in a long, prettily-embroidered case for hat pins, as is also the "Stitch in Time" work board, a confetti of embroidered art linen containing all the accessories so dear to the heart of the neat girl. Assured of the heartiest appreciation at the hands of every fastidious feminine soul is the "Omnia" sachet, a case capacious, with specially devised pockets for the various little ecceteras of dress which to-day mean so much, this carrying exteriorly the decoratively apt motto, "Armed with trifles."

A Prevailing Fad.

Which brings the timely reminder of the delightful embroidered stock ties to be secured here, all exclusive designs worked on white, cream, and the paler tints of fine Harris linen, the present prevailing craze for these trifles offering immense scope for variety, both in form and stitchery. Another eminently interesting departure is the fashionable dress garniture of linen appliqué embroidery on cloth or linen. Especially devised in seasonable colourings for the embellishment of dark winter costumes are large collars, shapely stole bands, and the



This Stylish Toque is made of draped mole plush, and has a shaded blue bird upon the outside of the brim.

spite of the "Herrn Kritiker," crowds the "Deutsches Volkstheater" three nights a week to see that much-abused play, "Maria Theresia." Theatre-goers of high degree still smile on the high evening gown. Our aristocrats seldom appear "en grande tenue" unless a ball or some Court function is to follow the play. Side by side in a "loge" were two blouses admirably chosen to set off the charms of the blonde and brunette beauties who wore them. One was of tender green chiffon with enormous sleeves, through which shimmered a suspicion of the white arm beneath. The bodice was correspondingly full, gathered into a yoke of shirred tulle, be-

It lends itself to every kind of design, and some beautiful examples of girdles, epaulettes, and tassels were artistic enough to grace the most ethereal of ball frocks. As there are but three ladies in Vienna who understand the art of producing these novel gauds, the supply thereof will be limited—another attraction to the exclusive dress lover.

The "Reform Dress" has come to stay in spite of its repellent nomenclature. For afternoon receptions and even for concert and theatre wear it is decidedly to the fore. Its general lines are not unlike the "tea-gown," which your English hostesses wear with such grace.

£150 for the Play of Ordinary Deals at Bridge. £150.

CONDUCTED BY ERNEST BERGHOLT.

To-day we issue the TENTH COUPON.
Those who have not yet entered for the Tournament should procure copies of the *Daily Mirror* for Nov. 20, 24, 26, 28, Dec. 1 and 3 (which contain the nine previous coupons), and send in all the ten together, carefully observing the rules which follow. Those who have already sent in Coupons 1 to 9 have now to forward the coupon on this page.

♥ £150 TO BE GIVEN AWAY. ♥

Everybody who can play a game of Bridge can enter for the Tournament. The entrance fee is a mere trifle, and the prospective gain is very large.

★ THE CASH PRIZES. ★

The proprietors of the *Daily Mirror* offer, as a free gift, the sum of

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY POUNDS.

One hundred pounds of this and the whole of the entrance fees received from the competitors will be divided among those who send in the best set or sets of replies to the complete series of coupons. If two or more competitors tie, the money will be divided equally among them. The remaining

◇ FIFTY POUNDS ◇

will be distributed in consolation prizes among the unsuccessful competitors. Beginners need not be afraid to enter. Many experts will fail through hunting for difficulties which do not exist.

★ THE RULES. ★

1. Each competitor must cut out the diagrams, sign them at foot with full name and address, add the *nom de guerre* (or initials which it is desired to use, pin the diagrams to the replies, and enclose the whole in an envelope, addressed to the Bridge Editor, *Daily Mirror*, 2, Carmelite-street, London, E.C., accompanied by a postal order for one shilling, crossed Barclay and Co.

There will only be one such entrance fee payable by each competitor during the whole of the Tournament.

2. The Tournament is open to both men and women.

3. New competitors may enter at any time during the progress of the Tournament; but

in such case a complete set of diagrams from the beginning must always be enclosed with the entrance fee.

4. The outside of the envelope must be legibly marked above the address: "*Daily Mirror* Bridge Tournament." Reasons for, or explanations of the play may be given, but no other communication or inquiry may be enclosed under the same cover. Requests for information, queries on points of Bridge play, suggestions, reports of hands dealt, etc., must invariably be sent under separate cover.

5. Each coupon must be accompanied by one mode of play only, as the competitor may decide. A competitor may send in as many complete sets of coupons as he or she likes, distinguishing each separate set by some letter or mark, and forwarding a P.O. for one shilling with the first coupon (or first batch of coupons) of each set. The reprint of a coupon need be taken no notice of by a competitor who has already sent in his or her reply to that coupon. Each complete set will be considered independently, but no single

competitor shall be entitled to more than one share of the prize money.

6. In all matters admitting of reasonable doubt the decision of the Bridge Editor (which will be given with the strictest impartiality) must be accepted as final.

7. No person in the employ of, or connected with the publication of, the *Daily Mirror* will be allowed to compete.

8. The above rules are subject to modification or correction before the competition closes.

Competitors are urged to send in their entries as early as possible.

Back numbers can always be obtained through newspapers, or facsimile diagrams will be sent by the Bridge Editor on receipt of two penny stamps per diagram.

December 14 is the last day on which solutions from Great Britain will be received, but sufficient extra time will be allowed for residents in Ireland, the Channel Islands, and Europe.

BRIDGE DAY BY DAY.

♥ READ THE RULES WITH CARE. ♥

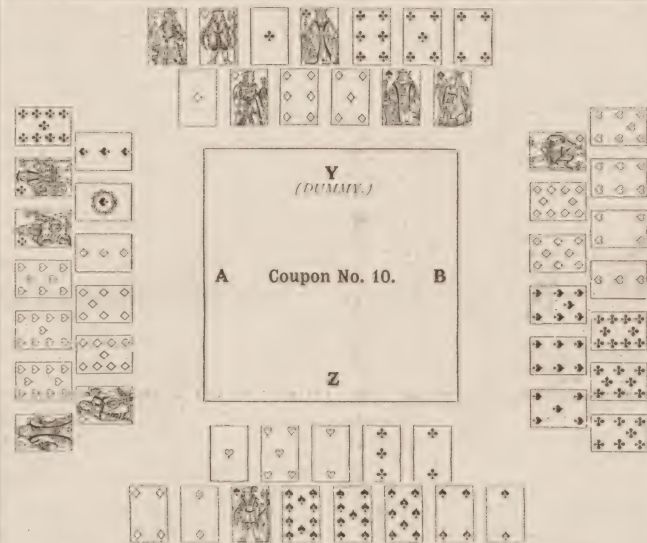
"May we assume," asks "Mum," "that the use of the *Daily Mirror* Bridge Record dispenses with the necessity for cutting out the coupons and pinning them to our replies?"

In Rule 1 it is distinctly stated that a coupon must be attached to each reply. It makes no difference whether the reply be wholly in manuscript or whether the Simplex forms be used. What we announced was that, in substituting Simplex forms for pen-and-ink replies previously sent, no new coupons need be forwarded.

★ ALWAYS BEAR IN MIND THE SCORE. ★

"T. H." (Eastbourne) says: "On Coupon 8 I find the words: 'Score AB, 20; YZ, 14.' Please explain what bearing this has on the play, as each deal is supposed to be independent of the others."

In the game of Bridge, as at Whist, it is essential (both for purposes of the declaration, and also as a guide to play) to know how many points, below the line, have been scored by each side. The score is set out in each of our coupons in order that the conditions may exactly reproduce those of actual play. You are to play the deals in every respect precisely as they would be played over the table if the score were as stated.



Score: Love all. Z deals and leaves it. Y declares No-trumps. A leads ♥ 10.

Write out in your convenient form what you consider to be the correct play of the above deal. The cards are not to be played as if they were all known, but just as they would fall in an ordinary game. Dummy's (Y's) hand being the only one laid face upwards on the table. The object is not to make YZ win extra tricks—in which they are not fairly entitled—through the mistakes of A and B; but to record the play and the result, on the understanding that each player is to do his best, so far as he knows the cards.

State legibly at the head of your reply the total number of tricks won by Y and Z.

Name..... Nom de Guerre
or
Initials.....
Address.....

THE MOST USEFUL AND HANDY
REFERENCE WORK ISSUED.

"DAILY MAIL" YEAR BOOK

A COMPLETE ENCYCLOPAEDIA
FOR THE DESK AND POCKET.

Ready THURSDAY, December 10th.

Price 1s. 6d.

AT ALL BOOKSELLERS
AND NEWSAGENTS.

Price 1s. 6d.

CAN YOU SOLVE THE BRIDGE PROBLEMS?
YES, BY CONSULTING

FOSTER'S BRIDGE.

Foster's Bridge. 6s. Foster's Bridge. 6s.
Foster's Bridge. 6s. Foster's Bridge. 6s.
Foster's Bridge. 6s. Foster's Bridge. 6s.

A Complete System of Instruction in the Game. A Complete System of Instruction in the Game.

By R. F. FOSTER.

New and Revised Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

By R. F. FOSTER.

New and Revised Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

THE LADY'S PICTORIAL:—"Mr. Foster's book is the standard work on the game, and a reliable guide to playing Bridge properly and on definite lines, and to be without 'Foster's' Bridge is almost tantamount to being out of the movement so far as the game is concerned."

Foster's Bridge. 6s. Foster's Bridge. 6s.
Foster's Bridge. 6s. Foster's Bridge. 6s.
Foster's Bridge. 6s. Foster's Bridge. 6s.

A Complete System of Instruction in the Game. A Complete System of Instruction in the Game.

By R. F. FOSTER.

New and Revised Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

By R. F. FOSTER.

New and Revised Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Of all Booksellers and Stationers, or direct from the Publishers.
LAWRENCE AND BULLEN (Ltd.), 16, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

PURVEYORS
TO THE KING

Grosse & Blackwell's Soups

IN GLASSES,
TINS AND TABLETS.

OF GROCERS. ALL STORES, ETC.



ART IN BROWN PAPER.

HINTS FOR CHARITABLE BAZAAR
STALL-HOLDER.

INTENDING stall-holders and those bent on obtaining fascinating and inexpensive novelties will be glad to hear how easily brown paper covers can be manufactured at home by anyone possessed of a little artistic skill and a supply of water-colour paints. They must know, however, that exactly the right kind of brown paper must be purchased. It should be thick and soft, not smooth and covered with a glazed surface.

At the bazaar where these novelties have already scored a triumph, large blotters, measuring ten by fifteen inches, covers for telegraph forms, post-card cases, and many other useful articles, both large and small, were all most fascinatingly produced in the coarsest of brown paper coverings with rough-cut edges. A bold poster design was effectively painted on each in flat washes of water-colour, firmly outlined in black.

A blotter was adorned with a quaint picture of a pair of Dutch children in huge hats, the word blotter being printed in large letters perpendicularly down one side of it. Another showed a gallant huntsman in the Cecil Aldin style, with his red coat, top boots, and silk hat all complete, and a cover for telegraph forms boasted a neatly attired "chef" in black and white.

Though the dresses and accessories are painted in the flat style, rendered familiar to us by the now popular poster, the faces must be most carefully finished and outlined, and in every case the lettering must be added, in the manner described above.

The adventurous soul who is longing to attempt this work should procure a sheet of the heaviest make of brown wrapping paper available and begin at once; turning for inspiration to the works of John Hassell and Cecil Aldin. Two or more coats of paint will be necessary, plenty of Chinese white should be employed, while a little liquid ox-gall added to the water will cause the colour to flow more freely than it otherwise would do.

When the covers are finished the inner leaves of blotting-paper, post-cards, or what not, must be neatly and carefully inserted. Bows of ribbon make a pretty finish, the colours being chosen to suit the design. A number of these useful and novel objects are sure to sell like hot cakes at a sale of work or a Christmas bazaar. The aesthetically-minded will single them out with an unerring eye, though an old lady from the country at one

bazaar was heard to remark as she turned one over with a disdainful finger, "Why, it's nowt but a bit o' brown paper."

LIGHTNING NEEDLEWORK.

An English lady who lives in Berlin has suddenly become famous by opening an exhibition of beautiful embroidery of a new kind which has attracted the attention not only of artists, but of the experts of the Berlin Public Institution for Art Needlework.

Mrs. Florence Hoessel, who since her marriage has made Berlin her home, was a student of music for many years, until owing to ill-health she was advised by her medical atten-



dant to give up the study. Distressed by the loss of her principal occupation, Mrs. Hoessel turned her attention to needlework, developing an extraordinary talent for producing on various kinds of material not only artistic designs, but pictures, without first drawing or in any way planning out her work.

With a rapidity which the eye can scarcely follow, this artist, for that she certainly is, will produce, for example, a country scene with all its details by means of a variety of stitches in thread, silk, or wool, on a ground of silk, wool, or linen.

The result is particularly original and most effective, and many well-known Berlin artists have expressed admiration for the beautiful colouring and pleasing decorative treatment of some of the work. Mrs. Hoessel is particularly successful in friezes, and one of her best efforts shows a simple but effective design for a nursery.

SIMPLE DISHES.

The prices of the ingredients are quoted as from the West End shops.

No. 100.—CARMELITE EGGS.

INGREDIENTS:—Four hard-boiled eggs, one raw egg, bread crumbs.
For the Mixture:—Half a pound of lobster, one ounce of butter, one ounce of flour, one gill of cold water, salt and pepper.

Shell the eggs and roll them in a little extra flour. Chop the lobster. Melt the butter in a pan, add to it the flour and stir it in smoothly, then pour in the water. Stir the sauce over the fire till it boils and leaves the sides of the pan quite clean; season it nicely, and spread it on a plate to cool.

Flatten out some of the mixture, and roll up an egg in it, keeping it in the shape of the egg. Brush each coated egg with some of the beaten egg, then roll it in bread crumbs. When all are coated, fry them a golden brown in plenty of hot fat. Drain them on paper, and serve them either whole or cut in halves.

Cost 2s. for four portions.

No. 101.—POTATO SCONES.

INGREDIENTS:—Half a pound of potatoes, three-quarters of a pound of flour, one ounce of butter, one ounce of yeast, one pint of milk.

Boil the potatoes, then rub them through a sieve. Make the milk warm and add the yeast to it, then stir the milk and butter into the potatoes; when these are mixed, add the flour and mix it in. Knead the mixture well and put it by the fire for one hour to rise. Next shape it in small cakes and bake them in a moderate oven. Split and butter them and serve very hot.

Cost 6d. for a dozen scones.

No. 102.—FILLETS OF BEEF A LA ROSSINI.

INGREDIENTS:—One and a half pounds of fillet of beef, salt and pepper, thin slices of foie gras, a few truffles, one ounce of butter.
For the Sauce:—One carrot, one onion, a bunch of thyme and parsley, three cloves, six pepper-corns, three-quarters of a pint of brown stock.

Cut the meat into neat little fillets about three inches across and three quarters of an inch thick. Season them with pepper and salt.

Melt the butter in a frying pan, and fry the fillets in it for about three minutes. Then brush each fillet over with melted glaze. Cut slices of bread the same size and shape as the fillets, one for each fillet, and fry them a golden brown. Arrange a fillet on each croûton, then on each fillet place a thin slice of foie gras, and garnish it with a little truffle. Next arrange these croûtons on a dish and mask them with sauce. Garnish them with chopped truffle.

To Make the Sauce:—Melt the butter in a saucepan, add the vegetables, herbs, and bacon to the butter, and fry till they are brown. Then shake in the flour and let it brown. Lastly add the stock and stir it over the fire till it boils. Then let it cook slowly for ten minutes. Next strain out the vegetables and let the sauce simmer gently for half an hour.

Cost 4s. for six portions.

No. 103.—BURMESE CROUTES.

INGREDIENTS:—Quarter of a pound of Carolina rice, one ounce of grated Parmesan cheese, two small tomatoes, one level teaspoonful of curry powder, one ounce of butter, salt and pepper, one table-spoonful of Worcester sauce, one truffle, small water biscuits.

Wash the rice, then throw it into plenty of fast-boiling salted water, and let it boil fast till it is quite soft. Then drain the rice well and dry it on a clean cloth. Melt the butter in a saucepan, slice the tomatoes thinly and add them, also the curry powder, and cook all gently for ten minutes. Then add the cheese, rice, sauce, and salt and pepper, mix all thoroughly; make the mixture very hot. Make the biscuits hot in the oven, pile the mixture on them, sprinkle a little chopped truffle over each and serve.

Cost 3d. for ten portions.

A CHOICE OF DISHES.

BREAKFAST.

Fried Fillets of Herrings. Tomato Omelet.
Kidneys and Bacon.
Tongue Toast. Chicken Rissoles.

LUNCH.

Jugged Hare. Oyster Peacemakers.
Mutton Fritters with Tomato Sauce.
*Carmelite Eggs. Vegetable Gâteau.
Babooty Curry.
Spanish Tartlets. Gruyère Sandwiches.

COLD DISHES.

Roman Pie. Roast Beef.
Eggs in Aspic.
Chaudfroid of Chicken.

TEA.

*Hot Potato Scones. Cream Buns.
Apple Jelly Sandwiches. Angel Cake.
Fancy Gâteau.

DINNER.

Soups.
[Brussels Sprout Purée. Venison Soup.

Fish.

Stuffed Brill. Whitebait.
Entrées.
*Filets of Beef à la Rossini.
Fricassee of Chicken à l'Anglaise.

Roasts.

Saddle of Mutton.
Turkey, Chestnut Stuffing.
Game.

Roast Quails with Watercress.
Snipe Pudding.

Vegetables.

Scalloped Salsify. Potato Ribbons.
Sweet.

Coffee Cream. Omelette Soufflé.
Savouries.
*Burmese Croûtes. Savoury Olives.
Ice.

Neapolitan.
Recipes of all the dishes marked on this list with asterisks are given on this page.

A HOSPITAL FOR THE HAIR

OR

HOME TREATMENT.

Remarkable Letters follow the "Daily Mail" Inquiry.

Apologies for the correspondence which has engaged so much attention in the columns of the "Daily Mail" as to the desirability of founding a Hospital for the Hair a lady gives her experience of HOME TREATMENT OF BALDNESS in the subjoined letter to the Proprietors of "Tatcho."

17, Central-hill, Upper Norwood,
November 21, 1903.

Owing to typhoid fever having left me bald, I used nothing but Mr. G. R. Sims' "Tatcho," and am now glad to be able to say that I have a thick crop of curly hair, which is truly marvellous. The Hon. Mrs. Broughton Arderley recommended me to try "Tatcho."

Mrs. M. COLOMB.

Again on HOME TREATMENT another Lady writes:

Stoneleigh, Summer Norton,
Near Bath.

My daughter was taken dangerously ill last year, and after her recovery she discovered her hair was falling off. In about a week she was almost bald, but I am glad to say that after using two bottles of "Tatcho" her hair grew fast and thick.

I am so pleased with "Tatcho" that I am recommending it to all my friends.

Mrs. A. WILSON EWER.

Writing on the same subject (HOME TREATMENT) Capt. Marshall says:

226, Rue du Cygne,
Boulevard Militaire, Brussels.

I was actually amazed at the genuineness of Mr. Geo. R. Sims' "Tatcho," the only hair restorer I ever found of the slightest use, notwithstanding the many I have tried. Had no result happened I should not have blamed "Tatcho," as it really could be hardly expected, at my age, to have a fresh crop of hair. A lady of my acquaintance remarked the phenomenon, and tried "Tatcho," also with like results, which was not so wonderful, though to her gratifying.

I never wrote so much about a similar subject in my life, and never gave a testimonial, but the facts are so extraordinary that I cannot help letting you know.

CAPT. PEMBROKE MARSHALL.

YET ANOTHER WE QUOTE.

From 107, Marine-parade, Brighton, Miss MISSENDEN-LOVE writes:—"By the doctor's orders my hair had to be cut, and until I used 'Tatcho' four months ago it never grew beyond my shoulders. Since using 'Tatcho,' however, it is even longer than it was before."

Piles of letters received at the "Tatcho" Laboratories on the subject of Home Treatment substantially corroborate the letters above quoted. The subject of the proper treatment of the hair is not one about which there should be the slightest perplexity. Nevertheless its capricious and irregular humours may be somewhat baffling at times. The whole secret lies in the exercise of care in the early stages and the use of such a science-aided remedy as Mr. Geo. R. Sims' "Tatcho." A falling barometer does not tell you that it is actually raining at the time; it merely gives a warning of what is coming. Thus for a certainty, as the falling barometer predicts storm, the falling hair foretells baldness. "Tatcho" is the remedy, the only sure remedy.

"TATCHO" LABORATORIES, 5, Great
Queen St., Kingsway, London, W.C.



THE DISH OF THE DAY.

No. 29.—VOLAILLE EDWARD VII.

This dish was specially invented for the Coronation.

By M. ESCOFFIER, Chef of the Carlton Hotel.

Proportions for eight persons: Take a nice fowl, weighing 4 lbs. net, dressed and cleaned from the neck; season it inside, and stuff it with following ingredients:—

Put in a stewpan a small chopped onion to moisten with one ounce of butter, add to it half a pound of Carolina rice, a piece of celery stalk, one pint of chicken broth, some salt and pepper to taste; bring it to the boil, and finish cooking in a moderate oven about twenty-five minutes; then add to it one quarter of cream, two ounces of paraffin or pâté de foie gras and two ounces of truffles, both divided into small quarters.

Poach the fowl, after being trussed and barded quite fifty minutes in a rich white chicken stock, one pint of which has to be reduced till thick with some quantity of velouté sauce, flavoured with some curry powder, and moistened with as much cream as will bring it to the desired consistency.

Dish the fowl, put the sauce over it, and decorate the breast with some little stars; cut off some Spanish capsciums, and serve in a separate dish a garnishing of little shaped and braised cucumbers, moistened with some cream boiled down very thick.

PROVISIONS IN SEASON.

Fish.	Whiting.	Plaice.
Red Mullet.	Whitebait.	Brill.
Smelts.	Soles.	Lemon Soles.
Turbot.	Crimped Cod.	Skate.
Sprats.	Crayfish.	Lobsters.
Oysters.	Meat.	
Mutton.	Beef.	Pork.
Game and Poultry.	Veal.	
Wild Duck.	Venison.	Snipe.
Partridges.	Grouse.	Pheasants.
Chickens.	Geese.	Leverets.
	Rabbits.	Turkeys.
Spinach.	Turnip Tops.	Scotch Kale.
Spruce.	Mushrooms.	Leeks.
Celery.	Carrots.	Tomatoes.
Fennel.	Chillies.	Artichokes.

FRUIT IN SEASON.

Jamaica, Canary, and Jaffa Oranges.
Apples. Pears. Grapes.
Bananas. Green Ginger. Grape Fruit.
Pomegranates. Pineapples.
Persimmons. — Roused Ribarb.

FLOWERS IN SEASON.

Blossoms for the Table.
Carnations. Arum Lilies.
Maidenhair and French Ferns.
White Hyacinths. Ranunculus.
Trails of Smilax.
Lilies of the Valley. Violets.
Cut Flowers and Flowers in Pots.
Mimosas. Narcissus.
White and Pink Heaths.
Cyclamen. Fern Balls. Chrysanthemums.

You may find what you want among the Small Advertisements on this and the next two pages.

Advertisements of
DOMESTIC SERVANTS REQUIRING SITUATIONS,
EMPLOYERS REQUIRING DOMESTIC SERVANTS,
ARTICLES FOR SALE AND WANTED,
APARTMENTS FURNISHED AND UNFURNISHED,
HOUSES AND FLATS TO LET AND WANTED,
MISCELLANEOUS AND PRIVATE ANNOUNCEMENTS,
 are received at the Offices of the "Daily Mirror,"
 45 and 46, New Bond Street, W., between the
 hours of 10 and 7, for insertion in the issue of
 the following day, at the rate of 12 words 1/6,
 11d. each word afterwards. Advertisements can
 be left at the Offices, or they can be sent by post,
 when they must be accompanied by Postal Orders
 (stamps will not be accepted) crossed **BARCLAY**
& CO.

"Daily Mirror" advertisers can have replies to
 their advertisements sent free of charge to the
 "Daily Mirror" Offices, a Box Department having
 been opened for that purpose. If replies are to be
 forwarded, sufficient stamps to cover postage
 must be sent with the advertisement.

The Domestic Bureau which the "Daily Mirror"
 has opened at 45 and 46, New Bond Street,
 for the benefit of mistress and maid, has undertaken
 the task of verifying references; but, while every
 care is taken, obviously no absolute guarantee
 can be given. Advertisers in the "Daily Mirror"
 are entitled to use the "Daily Mirror" Bureau,
 which is open from 10 to 5, without any
 charge.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

Menservants.

A S Indian Servant in country; middle age; disengaged—B. Lynton, Kent. 3463

BUTLER requires situation; age 32; £60; height 6 ft; understands hunting, shooting, and fishing; good valet—Write M. 2, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3306

BUTLER requires situation; English; disengaged 12th; experienced; aged 30; Roscombe Towers, Bournemouth. 3477

BUTLER requires situation for three months; age 35; 50s. per week; good valet; used to travelling—Write M. 3, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 2306

BUTLER; with assistance; single; age 44; good character—L. G., 30, Ince-road, S.W. 3446

BUTLER-VALET; 19 years' experience; age 35; £60; height 5ft. 8in.—Write M. 6, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3429

FOOTMAN (first); disengaged; age 26; £38—Write M. 1, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3429

GARDENER wants place; Christian; total abstainer; with brain and muscle—A. 19, Hamilton-road, West Norwood. 3509

YOUNG Man, 19, seeks situation in house and garden; good references—T. Barnes, 94, Herbert-road, Manor Park, Essex. 3429

Chefs.

CHEF; age 40; £2 weekly; good reference—Write T. 612, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street. 3429

CHEF (experienced); age 24; excellent references; 50s. weekly; disengaged—Write T. 602, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street. 3429

SITUATIONS WANTED.

Cooks.

COOK (good) seeks situation; age 30; £46—E. C., 15, Cambridge-place, Paddington. 3427

COOK (plain); age 30; £24-£26; good references; business house—Write T. 616, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street. 3427

COOK; age 40; £30; town or country—Write K. 101, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3429

COOK, with kitchenmaid; 27; £40-£45—Q., 204, Shirland-road, Paddington. 3489

COOK or Cook-General; age 50; flat preferred; good references—Write K. 5, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street. 3429

COOK-HOUSEKEEPER; Scotch; 35; £60; town or country; nine years' experience as cook-housekeeper—Write K. 100, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3489

Housekeepers.

HOUSEKEEPER (experienced); gentleman's family; country; good references—G. L., The Cottage, Ludwell, Salisbury. 3489

HOUSEKEEPER (working); disengaged; age 39; £18-£20—Write T. 74, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street. 3429

WIDOW, with excellent references, seeks situation as housekeeper—Write T. 49, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3429

WORKING Housekeeper, with servant, in business or private—E. N., 149, High-road, New Southgate. 3429

SITUATIONS WANTED.

Companions.

COMPANION-HOUSEKEEPER, desires situation; 22; plain cooking—Write T. 64, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street. 3429

COMPANION-HOUSEKEEPER desires engagement; linguist; traveller; accustomed to country sports; good appearance—Write 415, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3479

COMPANION, lady; willing take charge of large household; good salary—Write 416, "Daily Mirror" Offices, 45, New Bond-street, W. 3529

COMPANION—A young lady, bright domesticated, desires engagement; willing to travel—Apply M., 19, Ross-villas, Richmond, Surrey. 3497

COMPANION—Lady wishes situation; would travel—Write L. 1, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3453

USEFUL or Companion Help; thoroughly domesticated; moderate salary; servant for January or February—Write 55, Woodmoor, Highgate-road, N.W. 3515

WANTED, by lady, 40, after Christmas, re-engagement as companion or housekeeper; good references; £25-£30—Write S. 54, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3443

Lady's Maids.

AS Lady's Maid or Maid Companion; age 27; good needlewoman and milliner; experienced traveller and packer; £40-£45; reliable—H. T. S. Empress-mansions, Clapham, S.W. 3429

LADY'S MAID wants place; age 25; £30; personal references; good hairdresser; dressmaker; traveller—Write 414, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3429

SITUATIONS WANTED.

LADY'S MAID; good packer and needlewoman; £20—Write T. 65, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3429

MAID-ATTENDANT; town or country; age 31; nine years' experience—A. 54, Manchester-street, W. 2323

MAID (thorough); £30; good hairdresser, packer, traveller; personal character—Write 417, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3429

MAID (useful); age 22; good needlewoman; do housework; good appearance—Write L. 4, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street. 3523

TRAVELLING Maid; experienced linguist; knows Continent—Write P., "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 2522

USEFUL Maid to elderly lady; good needlewoman, dressmaker—45, Vicarage-road, Leyton, Essex. 3443

Governesses.

GOVERNESS, thorough; English, French, Latin, and music—Write T. 53, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street. 3429

NURSEY GOVERNESS (superior) seeks re-engagement; 10 children of 10—Miss Payne, Boverston, Haywards Heath. 3454

NURSEY Governess (lady) recommends; 10 children of 10—Miss Payne, Boverston, Haywards Heath. 3454

Nurses.

CAPTAIN NOEL CONY, Grenadier Guards, 12, Eaton-terrace, wishes to strongly recommend his nurse to take charge of one or two young children or baby from month; is an exceptionally good nurse; requires 3 nurserymaid. 3422

CARE of Lady's child wanted; country; good reference—M. c.o. Burnett, Stationer, Burgess Hill. 3497

LADY (Danish); disengaged Dec. 6; seeks situation as Lady Nurse to lady or child in London; good references: £36-Write 352, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 2160

LADY highly recommends her Maternity Nurse Queen Charlotte's; most kind and considerate in the house—Mrs. Mitchell, 6, Colville-gardens, Bayswater. 3429

LADY Nurse; age 38; £26-30; no uniform; disengaged—Write S. 52, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3429

MATERNITY Nurse, experienced; Queen Charlotte's and L.O.S.; disengaged now; good references; experience with young children—Write L. 3, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3506

NURSE—Situation wanted by a respectable girl of 20-L. N., Ivy Cottage, Bampton, Devon. 3483

NURSE (temporary); age 27; five years' experience; experienced with young children—Write L. 2, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3503

SITUATIONS WANTED.

NURSE (certificated); will visit patients daily; moderate terms per hour; nothing infectious needed.—Nurse M., 19, Osnaburg-street, N.W. 2537

WANTED, Situation, to take charge of a little girl and sewing—Flora Hayes, Gysborne, Ashby-road, Loughborough. 3552

Chambermaids.

CHAMBERMAID; disengaged; age 20; good references; £16-£18—Write M. 5, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3429

CHAMBERMAID disengaged; age 28; good references; £16-Write M. 11, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3429

HOUSE-CHAMBERMAID; age 25; good references; £18-£20—Write T. 628, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street. 3429

HOUSE-CHAMBERMAID; age 29; £16-£18; good references—Write T. 627, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street. 3429

HOUSE-CHAMBERMAID; age 28; good references; £16-£18—Write M. 624, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street. 3429

HOUSE-CHAMBERMAID; disengaged; £16-£18; age 25; good references—Write T. 607, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street. 3429

Housemaids.

HOUSEMAID (head) or Housekeeper to gentleman; age 26; town—Write H. 5, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3229

SITUATION as housemaid; second of three; wages £20, all found; R.C.—Apply L. A. S., School Cottage, West Lathbury, Wareham, Dorset. 3471

USEFUL Maid to elderly lady; no salary; good references; Block Newington. 3512

USEFUL MAID; age 34; fourteen years' excellent personal reference; disengaged for six months; prefers abroad—Write £20, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3493

USEFUL MAID—Lady wishes situation; fond of children; disengaged December 7.—Miss G. Harwood, 117, North Side, Clapham Common. 3429

Waitresses.

HOUSEMAID-WAITRESS requires situation; at liberty 21st; good references; experienced—Write H. 1, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3429

WAITRESS; disengaged; age 35; £16-£18; £20, hotel—Write T. 615, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street. 3429

COOK (good); hotel or boarding-house; age 45; £30-£35—Write T. 614, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street. 3429

COOK (experienced); age 26; good references; £20-£25—Write T. 615, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street. 3429

COOK (good); hotel or boarding-house; age 45; £30-£35—Write T. 614, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street. 3429

COOK (good); hotel or boarding-house; age 45; £30-£35—Write T. 614, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street. 3429

COOK (good); hotel or boarding-house; age 45; £30-£35—Write T. 614, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street. 3429

COOK (good); hotel or boarding-house; age 45; £30-£35—Write T. 614, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street. 3429

COOK (good); hotel or boarding-house; age 45; £30-£35—Write T. 614, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street. 3429

COOK (good); hotel or boarding-house; age 45; £30-£35—Write T. 614, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street. 3429

COOK (good); hotel or boarding-house; age 45; £30-£35—Write T. 614, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street. 3429

COOK (good); hotel or boarding-house; age 45; £30-£35—Write T. 614, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street. 3429

COOK (good); hotel or boarding-house; age 45; £30-£35—Write T. 614, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street. 3429

COOK (good); hotel or boarding-house; age 45; £30-£35—Write T. 614, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street. 3429

COOK (good); hotel or boarding-house; age 45; £30-£35—Write T. 614, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street. 3429

COOK (good); hotel or boarding-house; age 45; £30-£35—Write T. 614, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street. 3429

COOK (good); hotel or boarding-house; age 45; £30-£35—Write T. 614, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street. 3429

COOK (good); hotel or boarding-house; age 45; £30-£35—Write T. 614, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street. 3429

COOK (good); hotel or boarding-house; age 45; £30-£35—Write T. 614, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street. 3429

COOK (good); hotel or boarding-house; age 45; £30-£35—Write T. 614, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street. 3429

COOK (good); hotel or boarding-house; age 45; £30-£35—Write T. 614, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street. 3429

COOK (good); hotel or boarding-house; age 45; £30-£35—Write T. 614, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street. 3429

COOK (good); hotel or boarding-house; age 45; £30-£35—Write T. 614, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street. 3429

COOK (good); hotel or boarding-house; age 45; £30-£35—Write T. 614, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street. 3429

COOK (good); hotel or boarding-house; age 45; £30-£35—Write T. 614, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street. 3429

Our Feuilleton.

Chance, the Juggler.

BY CORALIE STANTON AND HEATH HOSKEN.

(Authors of "By Right of Marriage.")

CHAPTER XXVII.

Continued.

"GIVE it the lie!" cried Martia suddenly, with an earnestness that astonished herself. A flood of incoherent words trembled on her lips; she thought of Lady Dexter's words, and of all the hints and innuendoes, and of the radiant evil-looking woman in the victoria; but dominant was the thought that he had saved her honour and that she longed to see him stand with a fair name in the sight of men. In her mind were all these things, but she could not say them, and again she flushed and looked hopelessly embarrassed, finding that she had floundered out of her depth.

And again Paul Joscelyn came to the rescue, with a smile and a shrug.

"You know, Mrs. Chesney," he said, "I think most women would be satisfied with the other gifts, without the heart. It is difficult to talk with you about marriage; you are one of its high priestesses. It is like talking to Dr. Koch about bacilli. One feels a child. Come, I am afraid you will catch cold. If you will promise not to play any more, I will take you back to the Rooms. See, how you have made your glove greasy, playing with that nasty cake!"

She rose with alacrity. The conversation had left a bad taste in her mouth. She did not know why. She did not see the look in Paul Joscelyn's eyes, as he let them rest on her face for one moment—a look that drew into the man's brain an image vividly complete, made up of all her beauty and all her weakness, and all her purity and all her strength. Nor did the next words he spoke have any special significance in her ears.

"I think I shall take a run over to Cairo next week," he said. "One gets very tired of Monte Carlo."

Once they were in the Rooms she remembered her duty, and insisted that the Colonel should find Jacqueline and Baron Stein von Wald.

It did not take long. They were both standing at a table in the darkest corner of the big gaming room. Jacqueline was staking her five-franc pieces wildly. The young

German stood sentinel beside her; sedate disapproval was expressed on his face.

Martia signed to her to come away. "I can't," she whispered excitedly. "I've been losing."

"But we shall lose our train; we'd better go by the early one."

"One more spin, Martia," the girl insisted. "If I win I shall get it all back. Go on, we'll catch you up."

Martia walked away with the Colonel. She thought that if Jacqueline wanted to marry Baron Stein von Wald she was spoiling her chances, for, for some reason or other, all men hate to see women gambling, in their hearts. Possibly they do not care about watching an excitement and an enthusiasm in which they have no part. Personally, she did not mind whom Jacqueline married; she was not like Claudia, capable of great things, and she was one of those girls who in the end always get what they want.

As they crossed the room, a tall woman moved away from one of the tables and came towards them. Martia looked at her with interest.

"What a remarkable face!" she whispered to the Colonel. "There, this woman just in front of me! I wonder who she can be. Why do you know her?" He had bowed to her. "Do tell me who she is?"

Paul Joscelyn did not betray any embarrassment, but for one moment he was absolutely nonplussed. Then he realised with relief that the other woman had walked on. It was Helen Lorison, beautifully gowned in white, as all women who could afford it were that season, with her strange, strong face startlingly pale and vivid under a broad, flat, black hat, the style that she always affected.

"Who is she?" repeated Martia eagerly.

"Oh, a woman I know," he said vaguely. "I don't think you have met her." He was possessed again by that unreasonable impulse of horror at the idea that these two women should meet, should even breathe the same air. Broad minded though he was, and just, and discriminating, it was an ineradicable instinct that he would never have sought to subdue. They belonged to different worlds; the one was strong through knowledge; this one through innocence; and the two could never meet.

Martia turned and looked back; Helen Lorison looked back, too, and the eyes of each for one brief instant were riveted to the other's face. It was a strange, illuming glance that they exchanged; one of those momentary greetings of souls that set aside all the ordinary surroundings and paraphernalia of life.

"Oh, I should like to know that woman, Colonel Joscelyn!" Martia exclaimed. "She interests me; I know I should like her. Please introduce me!"

"Not now," he said, hurriedly; "you will really lose your train. We must hurry."

Another time, if you like; but I don't think—I don't!" he broke off. He had taken her arm, and actually dragged her out of the place. He was Helen Lorison's friend; but he would stand between her and Martia Chesney until his dying day. After all, she had no business in this world; she ought to have had the sense to keep out of it. It placed men like himself in a most abominably awkward position. Society was wise when it drew that line, and it should be kept the sharpest of all divisions on earth.

His manner was not judicious. It alarmed Martia. All sorts of chaotic, unpleasant thoughts presented themselves to her. Why should he not introduce her to that woman? His excuse was obviously of the thinnest. Had she made a fool of herself? She flushed scarlet, and wished the earth would open and swallow her; she thought of the woman in the victoria. Suppose—

Oh, it was horrible!—She would never speak to him again.

At the door she turned again, irresistibly impelled, and gave a little gasp. For that strange-looking woman was walking down the room, and with her, in an animated conversation, was her own friend, Lady Leicester, the most exclusive *grandes dames* in England.

She was doomed to do Paul Joscelyn many injustices.

He looked back, too, and heard Martia's gasp, and perhaps he understood what had passed in her mind, for a little smile curled his lips, not cold or angry, but deadening, like a blight.

Jacqueline and Baron Stein von Wald reached the station a few minutes after they did. The girl had won her money back, and the German, who was a noted gambler, looked at her with admiration, instead of disapproval.

For, despite her girlish excitement, due to the novelty of the thing, he had seen her play with the acumen and patience of the Jew. It is a good equipment for life, as well as for roulette.

There was a rush for the train when it came in; Jacqueline and the Baron had walked off a few seconds before, and Martia scrambled into a compartment by herself. It was comparatively empty.

"Shall I come with you?" asked Joscelyn.

"Do you mind being alone?"

"Not in the least," she said. Her tone was cold, almost hostile. He understood—she was thinking of the woman with the interesting face.

Just as the train was starting he signed to her to lean down, and whispered something in her ear. But it was a lie; for he had not thought of it before, and it was not the true reason why he had refused to introduce her to the woman in the Casino.

"I know you're angry with me," he said, "and I don't want you to be. I didn't want you to know that woman, because you wouldn't want to yourself. She is Mrs. Lori-

son, the woman who was to have married Lewis Detmold."

Martia shrank back.

"Oh no!" she murmured. "You were right, quite right. What a fool I am!"

When Jacqueline reached the hotel, she dressed hurriedly for dinner, and went and sat in her mother's room, while Lady Dexter put the finishing touches to her toilet.

"We had such a lunch!" she said, rapturously. "Not a dish that cost less than twenty-five francs!"

"I am terribly worried about Claudia," said her ladyship, tragically.

"Why? Are you thinking of Christian Morning?"

"Yes. She

ents (Continued).

MARKETING BY POST.

street, W.

"Daily Mirror" Small Advertisements (Continued).

DAILY BARGAINS.

Advertisements Rates: 12 words, 1s. 6d.; 1/4 per word afterwards.

The articles advertised in these columns are not on show at the "Daily Mirror" Offices in Bond-street. Readers must communicate with the advertisers by letter.

Dress.

A CHARMING cream felt Hat; trimmed with cream carnal and sable tails; deep red roses under hair; 30s.—Write 1621, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

ALEXANDRA Dress Shoes; patent or lace; 2s. 11d.; postage 3d.—Rabbita, Newington Butts, London.

A VERY stylish black sequin net Semi-Evening Gown (for lady of medium size) over black silk, trimmed black chiffon frills and fern quill; elbow sleeves; 43 1/2s.—Write 1615, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

An Exquisite blue silk tulle and lace—Evening Teesee; Empire shoes, with deep frills of silk-edged lace; quite large; wide; 40s.—Write 1615, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

BABY'S complete outfit; 6s articles; 21s. 1/2; handsome outfit; night-gown, flannel, etc.; approval; Call or write, Nurse Morfitt, 191, Clarendon-road, Shepherd's-bush, near Askew Arms.

BABY'S complete Outfit; 6s articles; 21s. 1/2; Empire robe, daygown, night-gown, flannel, etc.; approval; Call or write, Nurse Morfitt, 191, Clarendon-road, Shepherd's-bush, near Askew Arms.

BARGAIN—Slackin Jacket; latest accurate shape; double-breasted; with revers and storm collar; quite new; going abroad; only 15s.; approval; Bolanski, 53, Hugh-street, Finsbury.

BARGAIN—Marmot Muff and long Necktie, with tails; only 10s.—Write 1605, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

BEAUTIFUL black silk velvet Coat, lined with blue broadcloth; trimmed Oriental embroidery; scarcely worn; 41 1/2s.—Write 1562, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

BEAUTIFUL ivory satin Evening Gown, trimmed pale green silk leaves appliqué and chiffon; coat lined with blue broadcloth; in good condition;—Write 1615, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

BED-ROOM Jacket, pale blue flannel, and two blue; delaine, strapless; silk and silk muslin trimmed lace appliqué; 25s; the three—Write 1537, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

BISCUIT Coloured model Gown of face-velvet; skirt; long and medium quill; and strappings, with touches of emerald green and blue lace; 40s and 45s.—Write 1615, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

BLACK zibeline winter Coat; three-quarter length, with bays and capes; 25s.—Write 1621, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

BOUSSES, Costumes, Silk Petticoats, Corsets, Underlinen.—Extraordinary value. 3s. 6d.—Write 1570, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

BROWN cloth model Gown, three-tier skirt, each edged with three-tier skirt; bodice trimmed tucked black satin and embroidery; and bodice; 30s and 35s; acceptance 42s.—Write 1619, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

CHARMING black silk crêpe de Chine visiting Gown; skirt; long and medium quill; and strappings, with touches of emerald green and blue lace; 40s and 45s.—Write 1615, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

CHARMING ivory Liberty satin Evening Gown; very effective; medium size; 43 1/2s.—Write 1615, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

CHARMING Yvonne, in pale blue pleated skirt; large collar and sleeves; 30s; a bargain.—Write 1606, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

CREAM cashmere Morning Gown; trimmed with black silk appliqué; skirt lined with blue broadcloth; 15s.—Write 1595, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

CREAM cloth Coat and Skirt; coat lined silk; skirt pleated; 23s; 40s; 25s.—Write 1609, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

DAINTY coffee Coat of ivory Orient satin and waved insertion; prettily made; 19s.—Write 1608, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

DAINTY Evening blouse of white accordion-pleated Roman collar; 25s; 30s; 35s.—Write 1608, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

DAINTY white silk Dinner Dress, trimmed with frills, edged black velvet; long and medium quill; 30s; 35s; 40s.—Write 1605, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

DARK grey Mackintosh Coat; ventilated; 37in.; good condition; 12s.—Write 1640, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

DELIGHTFUL evening Gown, in cream velvet; trimmed imitation Pezay lace and pale green crêpe de Chine; medium size; 39s.—Write 1497, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

DELIGHTFUL Evening Gown of Louisa silk (greyish pink and white), new fashioned full skirt; gathere; 26s; 30s; 35s.—Write 1647, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

DELIGHTFUL primrose broadcloth Theatre Coat, Japanese sleeves, lined black velvet; 1600, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

DOUBLE-BREASTED Coat of dark blue face-velvet; lined silk; velvet appliqué; 30s; 40s.—Write 1570, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

FIGHT GUINOA Gown of myrtle green zibeline; line silk lined throughout; dainty white and black waistcoat; 40s.—Write 1645, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

ELEGANT brown-velvet velvet (model) Visiting Gown; trimmed coat, frills, cords and tassels; new this season; 13 guineas.—Write 1645, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

ELEGANT pink silk Evening Petticoat, point d'esprit bouffant, black belt ribbon; just from Paris; 43s; 40s; 35s.—Write 1623, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

EXCEEDINGLY smart brown cloth Gown; trimmed and strapped black cloth Gown; and Oriental; trimming; lined silk throughout; 43 1/2s.—Write 591, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

EXQUISITE white China silk Dress; trimmed with tucks and lace insertions; long handkerchief sleeves; transparent; 42 1/2s.—Write 1586, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

DAILY BARGAINS.

EXTREMELY good quality mink Coat; coat lined broadcloth; will accept £12; new last season; 45, New Bond-street, W.

FAWN cloth Ulster Coat; lined silk; fashionable; able cap; full length; 35s.—Write 1592, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

FAWN safety Cycling Skirt with bolero coat lined broadcloth; 40s.—Write 1644, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

FOUR Houses, two light silk, two delaine, tucked and trimmed lace; also black velvet; 22s; 30s; the lot—Write 1604, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

FURS—Magnificent Alexandra Dagmar neck-let and muff; beautiful rose Russian sable hat; 40s; 44s; never worn; 12s; 6d.; approved; 44s; Mabel, 31, Clapham-road, S.W.

FRENCH grey outdoor Coat, beautifully stitched; collar of white silk and pearl trimming; 22, 41, £1 10s.—Write 1565, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

FROCK Coat, Vest, and Trousers; very little worn; collar and revers; 43 1/2s.—Write 1608, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

GENTLEMAN'S dark tweed lounge Suit; good condition; tail and breeches; 35s.—Write 1609, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

GENTLEMAN'S Dress Suit, tall, slight figure; nearly new; £2 10s.—Write 407, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

GENTLEMAN'S fawn Overcoat; also sequins; 25s; 30s; 35s; 40s; 45s; 50s; 55s; 60s; 65s; 70s; 75s; 80s; 85s; 90s; 95s; 100s; 105s; 110s; 115s; 120s; 125s; 130s; 135s; 140s; 145s; 150s; 155s; 160s; 165s; 170s; 175s; 180s; 185s; 190s; 195s; 200s; 205s; 210s; 215s; 220s; 225s; 230s; 235s; 240s; 245s; 250s; 255s; 260s; 265s; 270s; 275s; 280s; 285s; 290s; 295s; 300s; 305s; 310s; 315s; 320s; 325s; 330s; 335s; 340s; 345s; 350s; 355s; 360s; 365s; 370s; 375s; 380s; 385s; 390s; 395s; 400s; 405s; 410s; 415s; 420s; 425s; 430s; 435s; 440s; 445s; 450s; 455s; 460s; 465s; 470s; 475s; 480s; 485s; 490s; 495s; 500s; 505s; 510s; 515s; 520s; 525s; 530s; 535s; 540s; 545s; 550s; 555s; 560s; 565s; 570s; 575s; 580s; 585s; 590s; 595s; 600s; 605s; 610s; 615s; 620s; 625s; 630s; 635s; 640s; 645s; 650s; 655s; 660s; 665s; 670s; 675s; 680s; 685s; 690s; 695s; 700s; 705s; 710s; 715s; 720s; 725s; 730s; 735s; 740s; 745s; 750s; 755s; 760s; 765s; 770s; 775s; 780s; 785s; 790s; 795s; 800s; 805s; 810s; 815s; 820s; 825s; 830s; 835s; 840s; 845s; 850s; 855s; 860s; 865s; 870s; 875s; 880s; 885s; 890s; 895s; 900s; 905s; 910s; 915s; 920s; 925s; 930s; 935s; 940s; 945s; 950s; 955s; 960s; 965s; 970s; 975s; 980s; 985s; 990s; 995s; 1000s; 1005s; 1010s; 1015s; 1020s; 1025s; 1030s; 1035s; 1040s; 1045s; 1050s; 1055s; 1060s; 1065s; 1070s; 1075s; 1080s; 1085s; 1090s; 1095s; 1100s; 1105s; 1110s; 1115s; 1120s; 1125s; 1130s; 1135s; 1140s; 1145s; 1150s; 1155s; 1160s; 1165s; 1170s; 1175s; 1180s; 1185s; 1190s; 1195s; 1200s; 1205s; 1210s; 1215s; 1220s; 1225s; 1230s; 1235s; 1240s; 1245s; 1250s; 1255s; 1260s; 1265s; 1270s; 1275s; 1280s; 1285s; 1290s; 1295s; 1300s; 1305s; 1310s; 1315s; 1320s; 1325s; 1330s; 1335s; 1340s; 1345s; 1350s; 1355s; 1360s; 1365s; 1370s; 1375s; 1380s; 1385s; 1390s; 1395s; 1400s; 1405s; 1410s; 1415s; 1420s; 1425s; 1430s; 1435s; 1440s; 1445s; 1450s; 1455s; 1460s; 1465s; 1470s; 1475s; 1480s; 1485s; 1490s; 1495s; 1500s; 1505s; 1510s; 1515s; 1520s; 1525s; 1530s; 1535s; 1540s; 1545s; 1550s; 1555s; 1560s; 1565s; 1570s; 1575s; 1580s; 1585s; 1590s; 1595s; 1600s; 1605s; 1610s; 1615s; 1620s; 1625s; 1630s; 1635s; 1640s; 1645s; 1650s; 1655s; 1660s; 1665s; 1670s; 1675s; 1680s; 1685s; 1690s; 1695s; 1700s; 1705s; 1710s; 1715s; 1720s; 1725s; 1730s; 1735s; 1740s; 1745s; 1750s; 1755s; 1760s; 1765s; 1770s; 1775s; 1780s; 1785s; 1790s; 1795s; 1800s; 1805s; 1810s; 1815s; 1820s; 1825s; 1830s; 1835s; 1840s; 1845s; 1850s; 1855s; 1860s; 1865s; 1870s; 1875s; 1880s; 1885s; 1890s; 1895s; 1900s; 1905s; 1910s; 1915s; 1920s; 1925s; 1930s; 1935s; 1940s; 1945s; 1950s; 1955s; 1960s; 1965s; 1970s; 1975s; 1980s; 1985s; 1990s; 1995s; 2000s; 2005s; 2010s; 2015s; 2020s; 2025s; 2030s; 2035s; 2040s; 2045s; 2050s; 2055s; 2060s; 2065s; 2070s; 2075s; 2080s; 2085s; 2090s; 2095s; 2100s; 2105s; 2110s; 2115s; 2120s; 2125s; 2130s; 2135s; 2140s; 2145s; 2150s; 2155s; 2160s; 2165s; 2170s; 2175s; 2180s; 2185s; 2190s; 2195s; 2200s; 2205s; 2210s; 2215s; 2220s; 2225s; 2230s; 2235s; 2240s; 2245s; 2250s; 2255s; 2260s; 2265s; 2270s; 2275s; 2280s; 2285s; 2290s; 2295s; 2300s; 2305s; 2310s; 2315s; 2320s; 2325s; 2330s; 2335s; 2340s; 2345s; 2350s; 2355s; 2360s; 2365s; 2370s; 2375s; 2380s; 2385s; 2390s; 2395s; 2400s; 2405s; 2410s; 2415s; 2420s; 2425s; 2430s; 2435s; 2440s; 2445s; 2450s; 2455s; 2460s; 2465s; 2470s; 2475s; 2480s; 2485s; 2490s; 2495s; 2500s; 2505s; 2510s; 2515s; 2520s; 2525s; 2530s; 2535s; 2540s; 2545s; 2550s; 2555s; 2560s; 2565s; 2570s; 2575s; 2580s; 2585s; 2590s; 2595s; 2600s; 2605s; 2610s; 2615s; 2620s; 2625s; 2630s; 2635s; 2640s; 2645s; 2650s; 2655s; 2660s; 2665s; 2670s; 2675s; 2680s; 2685s; 2690s; 2695s; 2700s; 2705s; 2710s; 2715s; 2720s; 2725s; 2730s; 2735s; 2740s; 2745s; 2750s; 2755s; 2760s; 2765s; 2770s; 2775s; 2780s; 2785s; 2790s; 2795s; 2800s; 2805s; 2810s; 2815s; 2820s; 2825s; 2830s; 2835s; 2840s; 2845s; 2850s; 2855s; 2860s; 2865s; 2870s; 2875s; 2880s; 2885s; 2890s; 2895s; 2900s; 2905s; 2910s; 2915s; 2920s; 2925s; 2930s; 2935s; 2940s; 2945s; 2950s; 2955s; 2960s; 2965s; 2970s; 2975s; 2980s; 2985s; 2990s; 2995s; 3000s; 3005s; 3010s; 3015s; 3020s; 3025s; 3030s; 3035s; 3040s; 3045s; 3050s; 3055s; 3060s; 3065s; 3070s; 3075s; 3080s; 3085s; 3090s; 3095s; 3100s; 3105s; 3110s; 3115s; 3120s; 3125s; 3130s; 3135s; 3140s; 3145s; 3150s; 3155s; 3160s; 3165s; 3170s; 3175s; 3180s; 3185s; 3190s; 3195s; 3200s; 3205s; 3210s; 3215s; 3220s; 3225s; 3230s; 3235s; 3240s; 3245s; 3250s; 3255s; 3260s; 3265s; 3270s; 3275s; 3280s; 3285s; 3290s; 3295s; 3300s; 3305s; 3310s; 3315s; 3320s; 3325s; 3330s; 3335s; 3340s; 3345s; 3350s; 3355s; 3360s; 3365s; 3370s; 3375s; 3380s; 3385s; 3390s; 3395s; 3400s; 3405s; 3410s; 3415s; 3420s; 3425s; 3430s; 3435s; 3440s; 3445s; 3450s; 3455s; 3460s; 3465s; 3470s; 3475s; 3480s; 3485s; 3490s; 3495s; 3500s; 3505s; 3510s; 3515s; 3520s; 3525s; 3530s; 3535s; 3540s; 3545s; 3550s; 3555s; 3560s; 3565s; 3570s; 3575s; 3580s; 3585s; 3590s; 3595s; 3600s; 3605s; 3610s; 3615s; 3620s; 3625s; 3630s; 3635s; 3640s; 3645s; 3650s; 3655s; 3660s; 3665s; 3670s; 3675s; 3680s; 3685s; 3690s; 3695s; 3700s; 3705s; 3710s; 3715s; 3720s; 3725s; 3730s; 3735s; 3740s; 3745s; 3750s; 3755s; 3760s; 3765s; 3770s; 3775s; 3780s; 3785s; 3790s; 3795s; 3800s; 3805s; 3810s; 3815s; 3820s; 3825s; 3830s; 3835s; 3840s; 3845s; 3850s; 3855s; 3860s; 3865s; 3870s; 3875s; 3880s; 3885s; 3890s; 3895s; 3900s; 3905s; 3910s; 3915s; 3920s; 3925s; 3930s; 3935s; 3940s; 3945s; 3950s; 3955s; 3960s; 3965s; 3970s; 3975s; 3980s; 3985s; 3990s; 3995s; 4000s; 4005s; 4010s; 4015s; 4020s; 4025s; 4030s; 4035s; 4040s; 4045s; 4050s; 4055s; 4060s; 4065s; 4070s; 4075s; 4080s; 4085s; 4090s; 4095s; 4100s; 4105s; 4110s; 4115s; 4120s; 4125s; 4130s; 4135s; 4140s; 4145s; 4150s; 4155s; 4160s; 4165s; 4170s; 4175s; 4180s; 4185s; 4190s; 4195s; 4200s; 4205s; 4210s; 4215s; 4220s; 4225s; 4230s; 4235s; 4240s; 4245s; 4250s; 4255s; 4260s; 4265s; 4270s; 4275s; 4280s; 4285s; 4290s; 4295s; 4300s; 4305s; 4310s; 4315s; 4320s; 4325s; 4330s; 4335s; 4340s; 4345s; 4350s; 4355s; 4360s; 4365s; 4370s; 4375s; 4380s; 4385s; 4390s; 4395s; 4400s; 4405s; 4410s; 4415s; 4420s; 4425s; 4430s; 4435s; 4440s; 4445s; 4450s; 4455s; 4460s; 4465s; 4470s; 4475s; 4480s; 4485s; 4490s; 4495s; 4500s; 4505s; 4510s; 4515s; 4520s; 4525s; 4530s; 4535s; 4540s; 4545s; 4550s; 4555s; 4560s; 4565s; 4570s; 4575s; 4580s; 4585s; 4590s; 4595s; 4600s; 4605s; 4610s; 4615s; 4620s; 4625s; 4630s; 4635s; 4640s; 4645s; 4650s; 4655s; 4660s; 4665s; 4670s; 4675s; 4680s; 4685s; 4690s; 4695s; 4700s; 4705s; 4710s; 4715s; 4720s; 4725s; 4730s; 4735s; 4740s; 4745s; 4750s; 4755s; 4760s; 4765s; 4770s; 4775s; 4780s; 4785s; 4790s; 4795s; 4800s; 4805s; 4810s; 4815s; 4820s; 4825s; 4830s; 4835s; 4840s; 4845s; 4850s; 4855s; 4860s; 4865s; 4870s; 4875s; 4880s; 4885s; 4890s; 4895s; 4900s; 4905s; 4910s; 4915s; 4920s; 4925s; 4930s; 4935s; 4940s; 4945s; 4950s; 4955s; 4960s; 4965s; 4970s; 4975s; 4980s; 4985s; 4990s; 4995s; 5000s; 5005s; 5010s; 5015s; 5020s; 5025s; 5030s; 5035s; 5040s; 5045s; 5050s; 5055s; 5060s; 5065s; 5070s; 5075s; 5080s; 5085s; 5090s; 5095s; 5100s; 5105s; 5110s; 5115s; 5120s; 5125s; 5130s; 5135s; 5140s; 5145s; 5150s; 5155s; 5160s; 5165s; 5170s; 5175s; 5180s; 5185s; 5190s; 5195s; 5200s; 5205s; 5210s; 5215s; 5220s; 5225s; 5230s; 5235s; 5240s; 5245s; 5250s; 5255s; 5260s; 5265s; 5270s; 5275s; 5280s; 5285s; 5290s; 5295s; 5300s; 5305s; 5310s; 5315s; 5320s; 5325s; 5330s; 5335s; 5340s; 5345s; 5350s; 5355s; 5360s; 5365s; 5370s; 5375s; 5380s; 5385s; 5390s; 5395s; 5400s; 5405s; 5410s; 5415s; 5420s; 5425s; 5430s; 5435s; 5440s; 5445s; 5450s; 5455s; 5460s; 5465s; 5470s; 5475s; 5480s; 5485s; 5490s; 5495s; 5500s; 5505s; 5510s; 5515s; 5520s; 5525s; 5530s; 5535s; 5540s; 5545s; 5550s; 5555s; 5560s; 5565s; 5570s; 5575s; 5580s; 5585s; 5590s; 5595s; 5600s; 5605s; 5610s; 5615s; 5620s; 5625s; 5630s; 5635s; 5640s; 5645s; 5650s; 5655s; 5660s; 5665s; 5670s; 5675s; 5680s; 5685s; 5690s; 5695s; 5700s; 5705s; 5710s; 5715s; 5720s; 5725s; 5730s; 5735s; 5740s; 5745s; 5750s; 5755s; 5760s; 5765s; 5770s; 5775s; 5780s; 5785s; 5790s; 5795s; 5800s; 5805s; 5810s; 5815s; 5820s; 5825s; 5830s; 5835s; 5840s; 5845s; 5850s; 5855s; 5860s; 5865s; 5870s; 5875s; 5880s; 5885s; 5890s; 5895s; 5900s; 5905s; 5910s; 5915s; 5920s; 5925s; 5930s; 5935s; 5940s; 5945s; 5950s; 5955s; 5960s; 5965s; 5970s; 5975s; 5980s; 5985s; 5990s; 5995s; 6000s; 6005s; 6010s; 6015s; 6020s; 6025s; 6030s; 6035s; 6040s; 6045s; 6050s; 6055s; 6060s; 6065s; 6070s;